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VOGUE®



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BRILLIANCE AT NIGHT

THE SWEET SUCCESS OF THE SILK DRESS



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Breck, the only leading shampoo that doesn't have a synthetic detergent base.

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Beautiful Hair
BRECK

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Great Blizzardry $425

White, storming across the winter scene, blankets the days and nights with snowy brilliance. Here, our romantic girl-of-the-steppes wears a rich, thick melton-wool white stroked with taupe-dyed Afghanistan lamb. Ben Zuckerman is responsible for its subtly curved line and irreproachable tailoring. He makes it for us in misses sizes.

Coat Collections, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Dayton Co.; I. Magnin.

Seymour Fox designs in beautiful Anglo fabrics

OCTOBER 1, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCÊVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Sharing the sweet success of silk—a rosy little charmer of a bonnet in silk velvet, tied in a wide bow under the chin. Very pretty and proper, not too demure . . . it's one terrific way to be a beauty this year. Roses on the lips—one of Revlon's three new lipstick shades called Earthy. This, a delicious, pale, earth-warmed rose: Terra Rosa. More talk on the two other Earthy shades—Bricktop and Camel—on page 248. Bonnet by Adolfo. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Godchaux's.

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and
sable:
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in
Renaissance
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Revillon

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with a set-in satin sash

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B Altman & Co



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Fourth Floor

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IN NEW YORK AT DE PINNA





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with the scented
smoothness
of new Nº 5
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CHANEL



LOOK TO

Elizabeth Arden

FOR

Brilliance!

The late-day hours . . . those are the hours for Brilliance! In this gala new bright-and-light red you'll see all the incandescence of the Fall social season.

Take to Brilliance! in lipstick, nail lacquer and cream rouge. Silver Brilliance in cake or cream eye shado.

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COLLECTION OF EXCLUSIVES



Givenchy

FOR

Adele Simpson

... WORLDLY WOOL BRILLIANCE

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*INSPIRED BY THE 20th CENTURY-FOX MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION, "THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY"



photograph by John Engstead

Sarmi recreates the Renaissance splendor of the Silken World of Michelangelo with a shining white column of silk and silver lamé, mink frosted . . . designed exclusively for I. MAGNIN & CO

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SKREBNESKI



A Dramatic Change: The new make-up for moderns by Estée Lauder. Out of the cloud and into the clear comes this strong and beautiful new look by Estée Lauder, destined to ride the new wave of linear shapes and bold architectural fashions. What makes it click is a pale luminous skin, smoky smoldering wide open eyes, barely there brows and a mouth that's full, rounded and ripe as a berry. For the brilliant mouth—the deeper, brighter color and soft-as-cream texture of Lipstick-In-The-Round, a little pot of melty color applied with its own contouring brush. The big, soft vivid eye is fashioned with Contour/Eyes applied with one subtle charcoal stroke across the eyelid. Contoured eyes and ripe lips sit in a porcelain-pure skin—made a jot paler perhaps than your own with Estée Lauder's French Creme, a new no-color color in her sheer Translucent Foundation. Over all goes a finishing film of Transparent Face Powder—marvelously colorless and clear as glass. Here, in essence, is the face that faces the future—clear, calm, delicately strong, dramatic.

Estée Lauder

Warner's slinky new crepe slip of Antron®

You've heard of the things that went on in the 30's? This is like what went on underneath.



It looks and feels like the silkiest crepe that ever was. Only our new slip never was. It's "Antron" nylon, so the way it takes to washing would make a silkworm jealous. Even the bodice is a little bit wicked: we gave it our special Compli-Fit® shaping to make it go in and out where you do. You can get it in Crystal White, Gentle Pink, Blue Mist, Bare Beige, Jet Black. For $9. DuPont makes the Antron* nylon fiber. Warner's® makes the slip. Someone like you should make the most of it.

*DuPont's Registered Trademark.


Switch on the new in a jacket of white wool twill over an overblouse in ruby wool jersey; pleated skirt of kasha black wool. From our Tribout Collection.
John Wanamaker
PHILADELPHIA



Revlon digs it!

'earthy'

new earth-goddess look for lips and nails...
3 rich, sunbrowned shades with a soft unearthly glow!

Coming and growing:

the urge to merge a lush, warm mouth
with the frail, pale look that's in for skin.
Newest (warmest) non-conformists for lips and nails
... Revlon's sensuous sienna-tones.
Have them now (heaven can wait!)

THE EARTHY ONES. (Watch them give deeper meaning to the leaning towards beiges, buffs, snuffs —and all of fashion's new do-it-up-browns!)

Bricktop

Camel

Terra Rosa





Above Left to Right: MODERN VICTORIAN, COLONIAL THEME, ELOQUENCE, ALEXANDRA, MADRIGAL

some things improve with age

Lunt sterling silver, for one. How many others can you name? (Fair game!) What else do you own that won't ever pass its prime? Hasn't any built-in obsolescence whatever? Actually does grow lovelier, more glowing, as the years go by? Think about that. Lunt is the real thing. The silver of a lifetime. Lunt, like love, is here to stay.

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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



IN ENGLAND—and 'Round the World, King's Ransom is acclaimed as the Scotch for cultivated tastes, as suave as our exclusive overblouse dress of silk-and-cotton brocade, the sleeveless top self-belted and bowed above an easy, front-pleated skirt. Blue or palomino beige, in 6 to 14 sizes. $145.

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IN JAPAN—and 'Round the World, King's Ransom Scotch plays an important role in the tradition of hospitality. Graciously mannered too, our little dinner dress combining an eased skirt of white rayon-and-silk satin with a grey wool flannel bodice, bound and sashed in white satin. 4 to 12 sizes. $100.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



IN ITALY—and 'Round the World, King's Ransom is the popular 'round-the-clock Scotch whisky, as delectable as our short lavender evening dress made of French silk ribbon-lace, empire-sashed and accompanied by a matching sable-bordered stole. The dress, in 6 to 12 sizes, $350. The stole, $250.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue



IN FRANCE—and 'Round the World, King's Ransom Scotch is renowned for its fine flavor, as heady as our exclusive two-piece rayon brocade, its slender camisole-set skirt topped with a mandarin-collared overblouse marked with tiny looped buttons. White or shocking pink, in 8 to 16 sizes. $110.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

TEAL TRAINA



Gus Mayer

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REVLON'S new FROSTED

It's the biggest shakeup in makeup since Revlon invented brush-on eyeshadow!

Now that the world's gone wide-eyed over 'Brush-On Shadow', we've dreamed up a new surprise for eyes: the merest glimmer of shimmer, merged into each pressed-powder cake! A flick of the purry little brush turns on the lights—makes even ordinary eyes light up like 20-20 visions. The shades are the sheerest mists—suffused with silver-pale light. The effect is so fresh and face-sweetening, you'll want to have all six! Use them alone or tone-on-tone. You'll see your eyes in a whole new size (enormous!)

...and now we've added frosting to the cake!

'BRUSH-ON EYESHADOW'





In tortoise-tone case with its own little brush inside.

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Frosty Green,
Frosty Brown,
Frosty White.

(Also in 7 soft,
misty unfrosted shades.)

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How to be a social butterfly.

Be ready to go at the drop of
an invitation. Slither into something
gossamer-gorgeous. And reach for
your marvelous, moss-textured shoes.
The ones with the enormous
butterfly bows at the toes. Isn't it
wonderful the way they clean?
And the way they hold their shape?
And how they keep their
lush, luxurious look? All these
beautiful benefits are because
they're made of napped CORFAM*,
the breathable new shoe
upper material from Du Pont.

Jacques Heim "social butterfly" shoe in napped CORFAM®



DU PONT
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This Jacques Heim pump, about $22, at Franklin Simon, New York; Bamberger's, Newark; Gimbels, Pittsburgh; Joske's, Houston; Margo's La Mode, Dallas; Best's Apparel, Seattle.

IT'S AN *Originala*

shhhhh...now's the

time for quiet makeup

(underplayed...unobvious...uncannily beautiful!)

'Touch & Glow' by Revlon

Know what the genius of 'Touch & Glow' is? It gives you the most fragile look in years (your face, innocent of *obvious* makeup, looks touchingly young and natural!) Yet, it covers completely. That's the delicious deceit of it.
For a soft dewy finish, liquid 'Touch & Glow.' More moisture than makeup...it mists your skin with sheerest color.
For a soft semi-matte finish, wear 'Touch & Glow' creme soufflé ...the most delicate fluff of color-in-creme.

The 'Touch & Glow' Collection: creme soufflé and liquid Makeup • Translucent Powder • Coverstick.



Bare Shoulders and Shimmer ...Teal Traina Shapes Satin in Celanese Acetate

From the Celanese Opulent Collections . . . a provocative look in glowing evening satins made sumptuous with Celanese Acetate.
Chester Weinberg designs for Teal Traina.
Left: the drama of the little jeweled jacket over a strapless satin gown. Black and brown. About $350.
Center: the completely bared look, exciting in stark, blazing white. About $190.
Right: the new excitement of one bare shoulder in white overblouse and brown skirt. About $225.
All in sizes 6 to 16.
Hurel-TSM twill satin of *Celanese Acetate, cotton, nylon.*

At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; J. P. Allen Co., Atlanta; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; Flah's of Albany; Gus Mayer—all stores; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin, West Coast; Montaldo's—all stores; Doop's, East Orange & Short Hills, N. J.; Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City; H. P. Selman, Louisville, Ky.

Celanese®

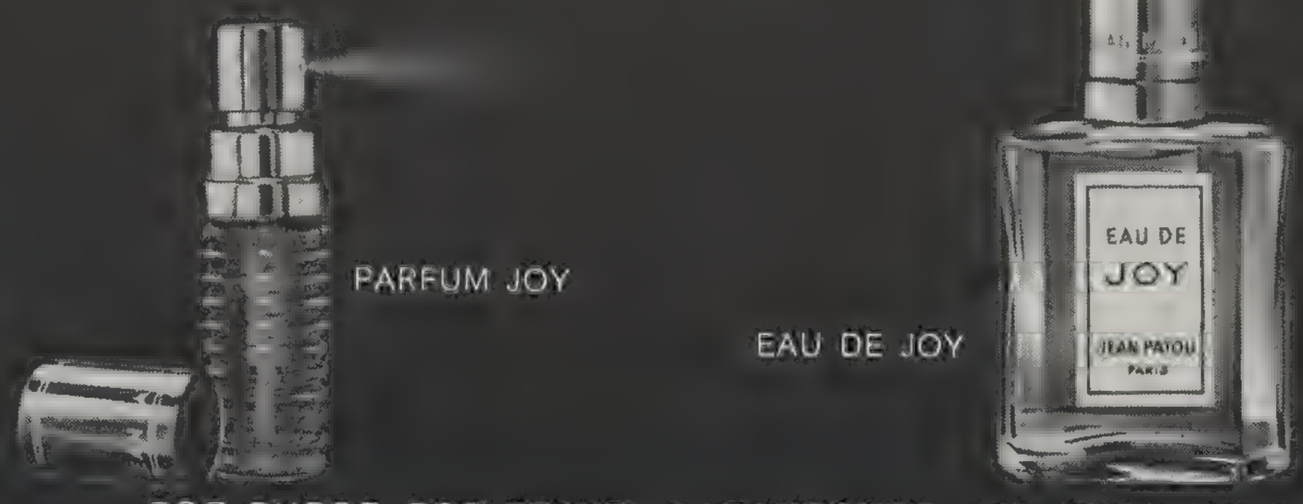
Acetate...a *Celanese* contemporary fiber



The costliest perfume in the world



New!
Vapomiseur Sprays...



FOR PURSE, FOR TRAVEL • LEAKPROOF AND REFILLABLE

Lutetia® brand, Emba® natural gunmetal mink



®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

Accessories from Bergdorf Goodman

Richard Litwin

This year's walking coat, designed by EMERIC PARTOS in sumptuous LUTETIA® natural gunmetal mink, one of the EMBA® luminaries from America, and the world's finest.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

A new kind of stocking that fits your leg like make-up fits your face.

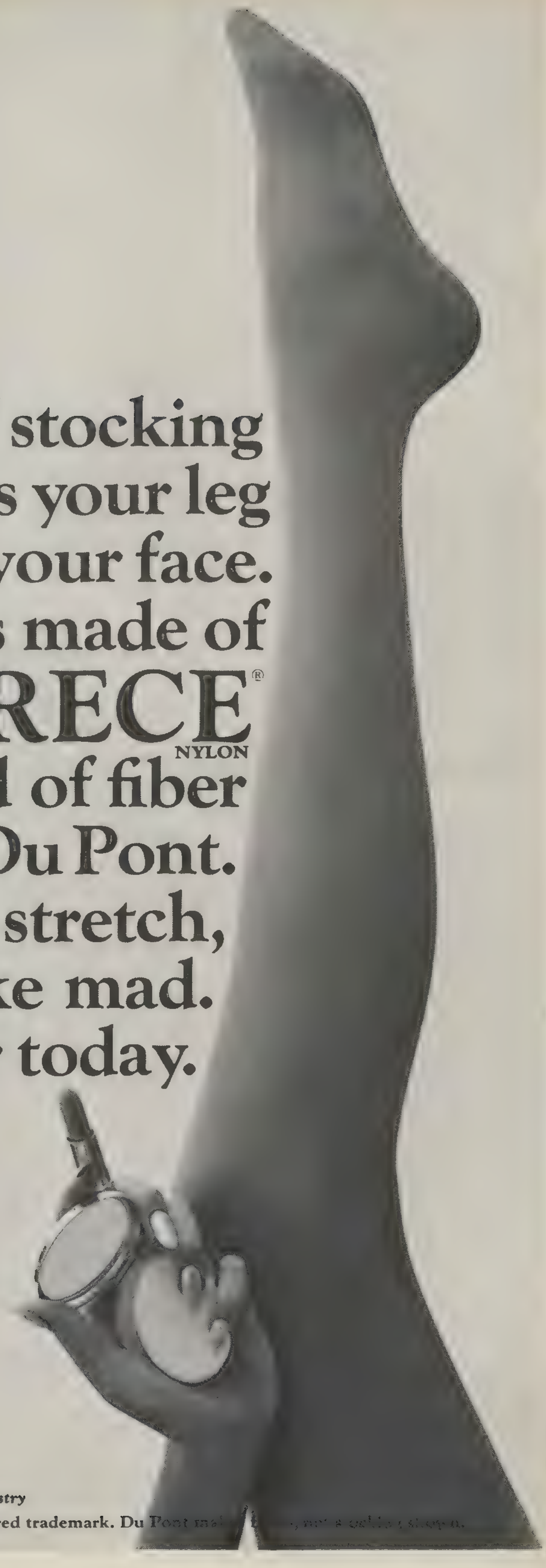
It's made of

CANTRECE® NYLON

—the new kind of fiber from Du Pont.

Fits like stretch, flatters like mad.

Try a pair today.



DU PONT

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

STOCKING SHOWN: CANTRECE* NYLON. *Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont ma[illegible]



Over One-half the Women in America Wear the Wrong Bra. Do You?



Here's how to tell. Right this minute, while you are sitting here. Can you feel the shoulder straps? Do they dent your shoulders? Did you think they had to? Wrong bra.

Look down. Does the bra gap out in the cleavage? Sorry.

Is the back hiked up? Wrong again.

Do you have to wear the straps short to get the uplift you want? Uh-uh.

Does it feel tight? Or loose? Do you feel it at all? It doesn't fit you.

What you need is a fitter, a fitting room, and several bras to try on—including Bali.

Here's what to look for.

The lift should come from under the cups.

The back should lie down on the job—the lower the back, the higher the lift in front.

The straps should just lie there on your shoulders...good lazy straps, supporting no weight, just feeling secure. The bra should cling at the cleavage—no gap at all.

If the bra does all that—buy it. You have a bra that fits you.

Now put back on the dress you wore in. Would you believe the right bra could make such a difference?

All you feel in the right bra is beautiful.



You Didn't Believe the Right Bra Could Do So *Much*, Did You?

If you've a small bosom, Sky Bali frames it and makes it seem like more. If you've a fuller bosom, Sky Bali controls the fullness and makes it seem like less. Yes, 5 minutes with Sky Bali can give *you* a better figure for life.

Bali®

BALI BRASSIERE COMPANY, INC., 16 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 16, N.Y.

©Clairol Inc. 1965



You were exuberant. Excited. Elegant.
Who could resist you? It all began...

The night the town fell

It was only natural (but so exciting!) Clairol started a make-up revolution... and gave you the look that took the town!



...when you met him for lunch. You'd just discovered new Clairol Make-Up. And it gave you such a special look, he made special plans for the evening.



Voisin? Heads turned. Your skin, your hair, and your make-up were so beautifully in tune, so unforgettably you. (You were wearing a Maximilian mink, a Harvey Berin gown...



...and your own special shade of new Clairol Make-Up!) The glow he saw wasn't candlelight. It was your light, turned on by the first make-up cued to your personal color harmony.

He didn't see the mink. Barely glanced at the gown. Couldn't take his eyes off your glow. Because new Clairol Make-Up gave you your ideal look—by harmonizing your skin tones with your hair color. Nobody's ever done that before! But new Clairol Make-Up is so finely tuned to your own coloring, it zings up everything you are. Makes a blonde look blonder. A brownette look brighter. Makes redheads go creamier. Brunettes go gleamier. And gives every silver a fresh new sparkle.

Clincher: the make-up itself slips on smoothly, covers beautifully, lasts through the longest evening. And yet, because it's made with 'Lumist' (Clairol's own shadow-neutralizing ingredient), the merest, sheerest veil of color helps hide little lines and flaws like a fairy godmother!

Come discover the special shades for your skin tones and hair color at the Clairol Make-Up counter. See what it's like to wear a make-up that's excitingly you—excitingly natural!

New Clairol™ Make-Up

made in the shades that go with your hair color (even if you've changed it!)

Exciting Beauty Bonus *(while they last!) Buy Clairol Compact Make-Up, and get a generous free size of matching Moisture Make-Up! Buy Clairol Moisture Make-Up, and get a generous free size of matching Face Powder!*

Elegant new evening compact: gold and silver on Night White.

Moisture Make-Up or Compact Make-Up (including free bonus gift!) each 1.50.





You had such a Great Look Going, he never wanted the evening to end. Clairol Make-Up made your complexion an excitingly natural fact... picked up your own unique brand of you-ness, and sent it glowing! He didn't know how you did it. But you knew. And with new Clairol Make-Up, you went right on sparkling, all night long...

(continued)

The night the town fell (continued)



The discotheque was moving. So were you.

Clairol turned their attention to your mouth (and so did everyone else!)

What gave your lips that "Go"? 'Go Lights'...Clairol's swinging new switched-on Lipsticks! Three shimmery new Opalines, ten terrific new Creams. All, play colors. Night-and-day colors. Delicious in sunlight. Devastating after dark!

The switch that turns you on: Clairol's new 'Go Lights' Lipsticks are not only keyed to your fashions, they're keyed to you. Made in the shades that go with your hair color! Special "can't-clash" shades for brownettes, for brunettes, for light blondes, honey blondes, redheads and silvers, too! And they're shinier, creamier, lastier lipsticks that keep glowing until dawn!

Flick on your 'Go Lights' tonight. The town could fall...for you!

You were so completely you, you sparked the late-date scene! Your secret: "Opaline Cherry"... one of the special Clairol lip colors that play up a brownette's brightness.

©Clairol Inc. 1965



You said "yes" to a nightcap. Why not? When Clairol turns on those 'Go Lights', who's afraid of the dark?



Your lip color paid lovely compliments to your hair color. He just paid compliments to you.



"Good Night" was almost "Good Morning". He didn't want to let you go. (When your lips look like this, his are never far away!) Tonight, again? Thank you, Clairol!



The News in the Night:

Clairol's new 'Go Lights'™ Lipstick

made in the shades that go with your hair color (even if you've changed it!)

Brilliant new Opalines, creamier new Creams. All, in elegant new evening cases: gold and silver on Night White (to match your Clairol Compact!)

'Go Lights' Lipstick, 1.10. Matching or harmonizing Opaline Nail Colors, 1.00. Cream Nail Colors, .85.



EXQUISITELY FASHIONED FOR THE DISCRIMINATING WOMAN

This exquisite girdle from the Classique Collection by Smoothie was created for the discriminating woman who wants luxury fabrics and fine detailing in garments that provide superbly comfortable, but firm, control. Silky soft jacquard bobbinet and beautiful hand-clipped lace have been fashioned with consummate skill to create an elegant custom look.

The seams are flat and smooth. No trace will show even under your softest, most figure-conscious clothes. In nude and white, sizes 27-36, 38, $32.50. Pull-on panty, $25.00; all-in-one, $39.50. The Strouse, Adler Company, New Haven, Connecticut.

Smoothie®

ICE EXOTIQUE!

Great fashion gesture
of the splendid Orientale:
Tidal pearl necklace with
jewelled clasp $22.00.
Pins from $8.50 to $13.50.
Earrings $11.00...others from $6.50.
Adjustable ring $9.00.

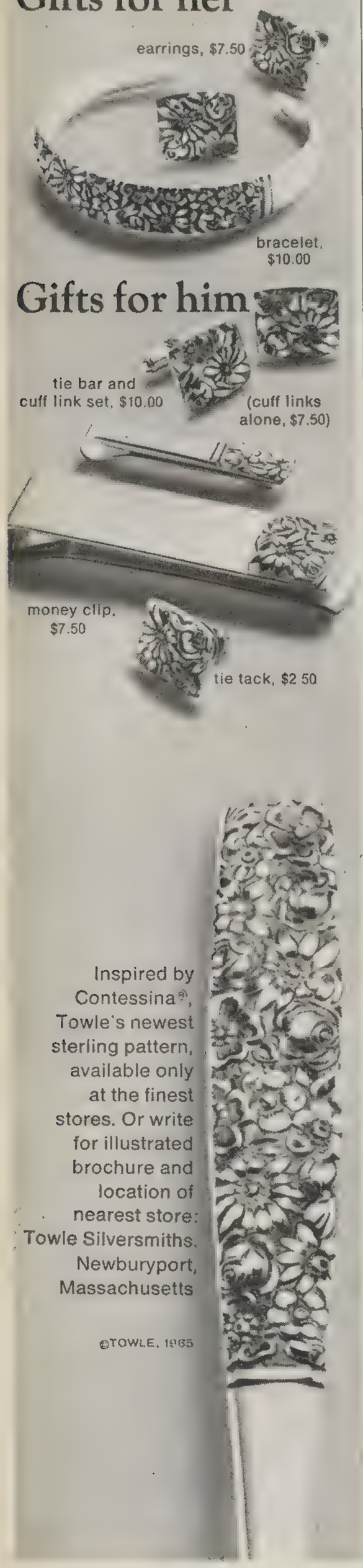
Eisenberg Ice

Eisenberg Jewelry — *22 West Madison Street, Chicago*
14 East 38th Street, New York

Authentic only when trademarked Eisenberg - Eisenberg Design Copyrighted
Costume by Burke-Amey

Towle introduces
Contessina
jewelry in
sterling silver

Gifts for her



Gifts for him

Inspired by
Contessina®,
Towle's newest
sterling pattern,
available only
at the finest
stores. Or write
for illustrated
brochure and
location of
nearest store:
Towle Silversmiths,
Newburyport,
Massachusetts

©TOWLE, 1965

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Fragrancing: new ways to go at it



Devotees of one great perfume we admire are known to reverse the line of march. Instead of starting with the pure perfume essence on vital spots—wrists, crook of arm, behind ears, and similar—and then splashingly reinforcing other parts of the body with the cologne of the same family, they shift the rôles around, use the cologne as background material, then pique its highlights by strategic application of the real, undiluted stuff. . . . These people, need we say since you've caught sight of the picture above, are Joy buffs. And what implements their predilection to this procedure is that nobody but nobody has exceeded Joy's success in managing to capture the real picture of a perfume in an *eau*. . . . And what brings all this up is that Jean Patou's famous Joy is just now making the scene in an Eau de Joy Spray and in a Joy Perfume Purse Spray. The distinguished impulsiveness of Joy's rose-on-jasmine-on-a-hundred-odd flowers has lost not a whit of its power in translation, and the Joy people will go out of their way to tell you that this is because they have laboured long to bring out perfectly natural sprays, no propellants added, thank you. . . . A perfume born in 1931, immediately acclaimed and recognized by elevator operators and heads of state, Joy in its new easy-fying state—quick jolts of the perfume to tote about in a handbag, measured doses of the spray cologne to dole out as needed—we salute with fervour. Eau, de Joy of it, for that matter.

Don't miss Vogue for October 15

With the word on:

- *the way to look at night—a Whole New Idea of Fashion*
- *country clothes for the country woman and for the woman who never leaves town*

There are two Vogue s in October

TOWLE INTRODUCES CONTESSINA

Contessina.® A romantic new pattern in sterling silver. Inspired by the beautiful young countess who captured Michelangelo's heart when they met in the Medici gardens. (The Contessina shown here is played by Diane Cilento in a scene from "The Agony and the Ecstasy.")

Contessina: timeless as a renaissance garden.



"The Agony and the Ecstasy" is produced by 20th Century-Fox

32-piece
service for eight,
$264.

©TOWLE, 1965
Newburyport, Mass.

RENAISSANCE SILKS REBORN 1965

Only Silk is Silk



"Let my whole body be one eye to see" black silk crepe exquisitely sculptured.

Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, West Coast; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago.

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS SILK SHOES BY ANDREW GELLER COIFFURES BY MR. RUEL, COIFFURES AMERICANA QUOTATIONS FROM MICHELANGELO



The Silken World of Michelangelo.

"Behold the beams that from thy beauty flow"
in this evening ensemble of pure silk brocade.
Bonwit Teller, New York and branches;
Esther Wolf, Houston; Nan Duskin, Phila.
Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles.

"Her dress has perfect bliss"
gloriously stated in brown silk chiffon.
All Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

International Silk Association. 185 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016



"Woven and wrought into a vestment fair." It was Silk that inspired these words by the master of art and sculpture, Michelangelo. Only Silk could achieve the soft, the sensuous fluidity of this chiffon gown designed for fall and winter's most talked-about evenings. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Rich's, Inc., Atlanta.

American Silk Mills, 1400 Broadway, New York, New York 10018



The Silken World of Michelangelo.



RENAISSANCE SILKS REBORN 1965

Only Silk is Silk

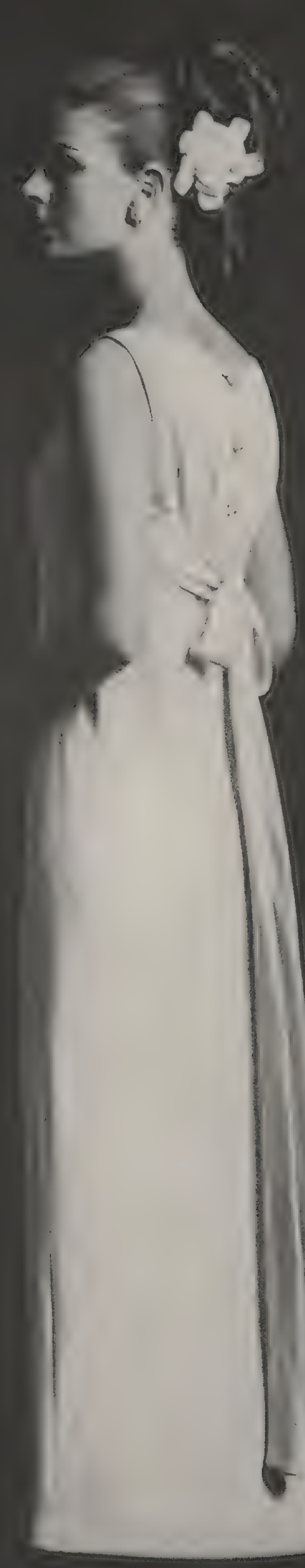
"Which multiplies her grace a thousandfold,"
this cocktail dress of pure Silk crepe
for late day or evening is marvelous in
black or white. Around $125.
At Lord & Taylor, New York; Bramson's,
Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

Onondaga Silk Co., 1450 Broadway, New York, New York 10018



"So sweetly doth it ring and clasp."
The Renaissance bride of the 20th century
in the timeless elegance of silk satin encircled
with exquisite embroidery. At Henri Bendel, Inc.,
New York; The Brides' Shop, Inc., Boston;
House of Giuseppe, St. Louis.





RENAISSANCE SILKS REBORN 1965

Only Silk is Silk

The Silken World of Michelangelo.

"An angel in her flight." Michelangelo's words restated today in pure silk crepe for contemporary evenings. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh of Florida; I. Magnin, West Coast; Neiman Marcus, Dallas.

See this era come gloriously to life in the 20th Century Fox motion picture, "The Agony and the Ecstasy."

International Silk Association, 185 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016



HOW FAR CAN A SMART CURL GO?

Wig styled by RUEL of COIFFURES AMERICANA Accessories by BERGDORF GOODMAN

WIGS & HAIRPIECES from

As far as you'd like . . . with a wig created by Coiffures Americana . . . world-famed for *inspired* hair fashions! Perhaps the curved-curl look of a Florentine page . . . or the soft ringlets of a Michelangelo cherub! You name the look you'd love to have . . . and our stylists will design it in the *smartest* way. Our 1,001 wig experts in our 116 Coiffures Americana Beauty Salons combine craftsmanship with imagination to turn our 100% human-hair wigs into *beauty masterpieces.* And with fine wig services, they keep your wig a joy to see and wear . . . *for years!* Our prices? *Most sensible!* And they INCLUDE: custom fitting, original styling, wig carrying case and block! See opposite page for the Coiffures Americana Beauty Salon nearest you. Complimentary consultations.

Coiffures Americana® Beauty Salons

Wigs & Hairpieces from
COIFFURES AMERICANA®
BEAUTY SALONS in these leading department and specialty stores:

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Bergdorf-Goodman
AKRON, OHIO	O'Neil's
ATLANTA, GA.	Davison's Downtown, Columbia Mall & Lenox Square
AURORA, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.	Hochschild, Kohn Downtown, Belvedere, Eastpoint, Edmondson & Harundale
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.	Haggarty's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	Burger-Phillips
BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. State St., Evergreen Park, Hillside, Randhurst, & Edens Plaza
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Higbee's Downtown, Severance & Westgate
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
DENVER, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co. Downtown & Lakeside
DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's Downtown, Dearborn, Eastland, Lincoln Park Northland & Westland
EL PASO, TEXAS	Popular Downtown & Bassett Ctr.
ERIE, PA.	Boston Store
EVANSVILLE, IND.	de Jong's Downtown & Lawndale
FORT COLLINS, COLO.	Randall Shop
GREELEY, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
GREENVILLE, S. C.	Meyers-Arnold
HAYWARD, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin
HONOLULU, HAWAII	Liberty House Downtown, Waialae & Kailua
HOUSTON, TEXAS	Battelstein's River Oaks & Sharpstown
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.	Purcells Downtown & Roosevelt Mall
KING OF PRUSSIA, PA.	John Wanamaker
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA	Joseph Magnin
LEXINGTON, KY.	Embry's
MALDEN, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
MIAMI, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	Boston Store
MOBILE, ALA.	Hammel's
MOORESTOWN, N.J.	John Wanamaker
MORRISTOWN, N.J.	M. Epstein
NEW HAVEN, CONN.	The Edw. Malley Co.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	Holmes Downtown & Metairie
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
OAKLAND, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin
ORLANDO, FLA.	Jordan Marsh
PALO ALTO, CALIF.	Joseph Magnin—Stanford Shopping Center
PASADENA, CAL.	Haggarty's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	John Wanamaker Downtown, Jenkintown & Wynnewood
PORTLAND, ORE.	Best's Apparel Lloyd Center
PROVIDENCE, R. I.	Shepard
RENO, NEVADA	Joseph Magnin
RICHMOND, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown & Willow Lawn Shopping Center
ROANOKE, VA.	Miller & Rhoads Downtown & Salem Plaza
ROCHESTER, N.Y.	Sibley's Downtown, Irondequoit, Newark, Southtown & Eastway
SACRAMENTO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Country Club
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH	Auerbach's
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	Joske's of Texas
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin Downtown & Stonestown
SAN JOSE, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SAN MATEO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SANTA ROSA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
ST. LOUIS, MO.	Famous-Barr Downtown, Clayton, Northland, South County & Southtown
ST. PAUL, MINN.	Field-Schlick Downtown & Har-Mar Mall
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.	Maas Brothers
STOW, OHIO	O'Neil's
SYRACUSE, N.Y.	Flah & Co. (Shoppingtown)
TAMPA, FLA.	Maas Brothers
TOLEDO, OHIO	Lamson's Downtown, Colony & Maumee
TUCSON, ARIZ.	Steinfeld's
TULSA, OKLA.	Vandevers Downtown, Utica Square & Bartlesville
URBANA, ILL.	Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
VENTURA, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
WALTHAM, MASS.	Grover Cronin
WHEELING, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
WILMINGTON, DEL.	John Wanamaker
WORCESTER, MASS.	Denholms
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	Strouss'

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Recent findings on the subject of hand-and-fingernail maintenance





Gossip about it reached us before *it* did—chatter about the success this fingernail cream was having in keeping nails hardy and obedient. A ravishing pink cream that, massaged around the roots of the nail every night and day, has startled certain owners of brittle, chippable, yearning-to-be-breakable nails with its remarkable efficiency, Christian Dior's French-made Crème Abricot (see its housing, *above left*) has thrilled those owners by discovering America. Now settled down in U.S. shops (e.g., Bonwit Teller), ready for straightening out frivolous nails, it is not alone. Its confrere, Dior's hand cream, an elegant white balm in a hounds-tooth tube (*above right*), stands stalwartly by, prepared to do battle with the ravages of detergents, water, sun, and wind.

New In with the In-Men

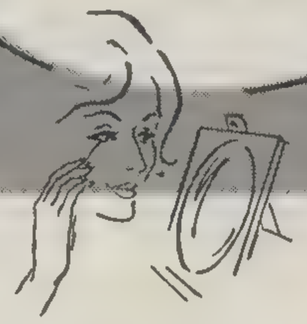
Big-deal brokerman uses the Gold Without Oil. Says it's enough to give his hair the dressed-up-look he needs, presumably for wheeling in the market. Racy business man we know uses Gold With Oil first, followed by Gold Without Oil. Likes the raffiné gleam and hold it gives his coif; none of that sticky children's stuff. Presumably does business better. . . . Greying gent, U.S.N. Retired, relies on Blue With Oil, apparently has more retired fun. . . . Blue, gold, with or without oil (depending on texture and colour of hair), Pantene Hair Lotion is in with the in-men. Started out as a woman's hair-set made by fine Swiss hands, beloved for twenty-five years in Europe, then brought here a year ago. . . . D-Panthenol, a vitamin of the B-complex group known to promote the health and slick maintenance of hair, is a member of its team. Worketh it for women, why not men—said Hoffmann-LaRoche, U.S.A. sponsors. . . . So now four greaseless Pantenes for male hair glorification. At Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin.

From Hollywood...

THE REVOLUTIONARY

CLOSE-UP™ MIRROR / LENS

U.S. AND WORLDWIDE PATS. PEND.



The amazing MIRROR/LENS that opens a 'new world' for farsighted people who wear glasses — and those who should!

The CLOSE-UP MIRROR/LENS was evolved by Nan Grey Laine to aid the make-up problem that is common to millions of women . . . how to *really see* one's face *clearly* to put on cosmetics without wearing glasses.

Miss Grey, wife of noted entertainer FRANKIE LAINE, became aware that thousands of women were experiencing difficulties . . . eyebrows shaped badly, eye-shadow and eye-makeup askew, foundations and rouge applied too heavily, and false eyelashes practically an impossibility.

Magnifying mirrors didn't help — they only made a larger, blurry image. The same thing proved true when 'magnifiers' were used — *it was virtually impossible* to go through the contortions required, and see a *really clear* enlarged image of the face!

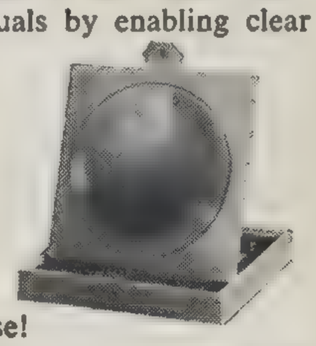
Utilizing a motion picture principle, Miss Grey set about to solve the problem. Four years were spent in research, but now it is a reality!

Because of its revolutionary patent-pending principle it is necessary that *2 strengths* be available . . .

Plus 1—*Most efficacious with persons needing minor corrections.*

Plus 2—*Most efficacious with persons needing stronger corrections.*

The Mirror/Lens will also benefit near-sighted individuals by enabling clear magnification for close facial work. No more gadgets or contortions — even false eyelashes can be put on with ease!



20.00

Available at

L. L. BERGER	Buffalo
J. GARFINCKEL	Washington, D.C.
HALLE BROS.	Cleveland
GODCHAUX'S	New Orleans
SAKOWITZ	Houston
FROST BROS.	San Antonio

and other selected stores

© CLOSE-UP MIRROR/LENS, Inc.
509 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y

BURDINE'S

Gold Coast Room



THE SILKEN WORLD OF MICHELANGELO

inspiration for a sumptuous ball gown and 20th Century Fox motion picture "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Designed by Teal Traina in silk Gros de Londres exclusively for Burdine's Gold Coast Room/Six stores on Florida's fabulous Gold Coast.



THE SCULPTURED SILKEN WORLD OF MICHELANGELO: FINE ART MEETS FASHION ART AT SAKOWITZ

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
SAKOWITZ HOUSTON

The silken world and the art world will meet this October, the 2nd through the 17th, as the Sakowitz Art Festival gathers together art works from three centuries and contemporary designs from the fashion artists of the world. Here, Teal Traina's magenta and cream tunic costume . . . a silk crepe masterpiece in the Sakowitz collection inspired by Twentieth Century-Fox's motion picture, "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Menswear tailored by Louis Roth.



HAT BY EMME

ART TRENDS AND STYLE TRENDS AT SAKOWITZ

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS
SAKOWITZ

The artistic woman's fashion—jaguar-lined coat from Style Trends. Of course it's by Betti Belmont for Sakowitz and destined to lead a many-faceted fashion life, with its art of reversing from sleek black wool to silky jaguar. You can see this new fashion classic as well as the working bronze of Rodin's "The Thinker" at the Sakowitz Art Festival. Art from three centuries will be gathered together this October at Sakowitz, where fashion collecting is an art. Menswear tailored by Louis Roth.

Betti Belmont
COUTURE FUR-LINED COATS & SUITS
BY STYLE TRENDS, INC.
MISSES' SALES-CUSTOMITES® PETITE CUSTOMITES



FASHION AS ART AT SAKOWITZ... SCULPTURED BROADTAIL BY SWAKARA

swakara®

The fashion art of Swakara—broadtail lamb with the shimmering mood of moiré.

Designed by Trigère exclusively for Sakowitz, it's the coat that holds all the fashion cards this season: small shaping, new cropped length, luxe fur from South West Africa.

Men's worsted suit by Louis Roth. Both will be seen at the Sakowitz Art Festival with over 100 famous works of art culled from private collections . . . many, like

Chardin's "The Card Player" above, never before seen by the public.

FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS

SAKOWITZ



No! No! ZEPEL didn't make it beautiful.

Anne Fogarty did.

ZEPEL just keeps it that way.

You're in this marvelous Anne Fogarty *silk*. And you spill a cocktail or coffee down the front.

No matter. That might spoil another dress on another evening. But ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer is protecting this one.

Most spills run right off. Or blot off with a touch of a tissue. Even stubborn stains usually succumb to a little spot cleaner.

How nice that ZE PEL is invisible. You'd never know it was there, unless you saw the tag.

ANNE FOGARTY'S softly gathered dirndl skirt with gold and crystal beaded bodice. All silk. Sizes 4-14. About $160. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Stix Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; and Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

All silk fabric by William Skinner & Sons

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY





the perfume for the cherished woman



Prophecy...new from Prince Matchabelli

Her radiance is a reflection
of love shared...a love that sustains her
in all she does. This is the woman
who wears Prophecy Perfume.



crepe de lys®... embellished with imported Alençon lace and satin bow knot applique in a figure flattering slip. Gently molds the bodice into flattering lines... fits without a ripple, falls into a smooth slim skirt. White and black ...comes in your perfect dress size. Elegant $9.00. At fine stores.

carefree daywear by Barbizon

Crepe de Lys® is Barbizon's luxurious woven fabric of 53% nylon, 25% silk and 22% Dacron® polyester.

flemington furs
FLEMINGTON, NEW JERSEY

FASHION FOCUS ON A GREAT FUR CLASSIC...**FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL**





Here is the First Corrective Hand Cream for Neglected Hands

*To make old hands look younger—so effective it even fades age*spots*

Dry, shiny skin—weathered dark spots on the surface of your hands—tell the world you're growing old, perhaps before you really are.

Now there is a hand cream developed specially to make such hands look younger *in a way no other kind of cream can.* Called Esoterica, it softens and smooths dry, shiny hands, even fades "age-spots." Contains active medication to break up dark pigment, to soothe roughened skin. It moisturizes away dryness, flakiness, and that shiny parchment-like look. Esoterica is for those who need special care—if hands are to look smooth, young and blemish-free. *More* moisturizing. *More* lubricating and it fades weathered brown spots.

Pleasantly greaseless and fragrant. Start using Esoterica today to fade "age-spots," to have younger-looking hands. $2.00-$4.00.



At all cosmetic counters. $2.00.

ESOTERICA *by Mitchum*


Once over lightly... Lycra® spandex
Poirette's "Promise" puts everything under control. It's a beautiful, embroidered all-in-one made of sheer DuPont nylon and Lycra® to shape a smooth, natural line. Feels light and comfortable as the powerful "Biabands" firm and slim. White; B cup 34 to 38. At Wanamaker's in Philadelphia and all stores. $16.50
John Wanamaker





Two great black diamonds...
the world's most beautiful mink
and the Orloff black diamond,
given to Catherine the Great.
Given her choice today,
she'd choose the Mink...
darkest of the dark,
rarest of the rare
natural ranch mink.

In all the world there is only one

*Black Diamond Mink**

...the most beautiful of all

*TRADEMARK REGISTERED-ORLOFF DIAMOND OWNED BY CHARLES F. WINSON

Tarnopol
PHILADELPHIA





If Eve had worn Aziza,
she wouldn't have needed an apple

Innocence that teases, tempts—the irresistible look of Eve. Shimmery, shadow-y lids and lashes, color-kissed with three lovely eye-ssentials from Aziza—Creme Stick Eye Shadow, Waterproof Brush-On Mascara, Liquid Lid Liner. Eve wears greens. What shades for you? Misty blues, delicate purples, velvety browns? For new loveliness, look for Aziza—on fine cosmetic counters.

from PRINCE MATCHABELLI

EYES by *Aziza*





THE BEST OF FALL FROM CHRISTIAN DIOR-NEW YORK

A swinging coat in warm pumpkin wool shaped to go everywhere. Tiny black and white check gives a big impact look! A "walking suit" of new proportions, long, narrow jacket with a flash of an apple green blouse. Straight little jacket and skirt of delicious butterscotch wool—simple yet deceiving with a swath of fox to cuddle on the coldest days. Banker's grey flannel comes to life in this double breasted suit with slim skirt with a taupe and black striped taffeta scarf. Accessories by Christian Dior-New York and Christian Dior for Men.

Clothes at Bonwit Teller–New York • Gidding-Jenny–Cincinnati • Harzfeld's–Kansas City • Bullock's-Wilshire–Los Angeles

Dior has designed a new uniform for Johnson Girls!



The Uniform with a difference! It creates a whole new outlook for Johnson Girls with the in-look of today. It has the smart look of fashion inspired by an original design from Christian Dior-New York; soon you'll be seeing this new uniform worn by nearly 12,000 gracious Johnson Girls who serve you in the newest, nicest places on the road.

Basic Accessory: the famous smile that makes you feel at home, that's always fashion with Johnson Girls. Happy inspiration for you whenever, wherever you dine at Howard Johnson's.

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A pearl diver <u>can</u> tell. But your catty friends can't and your best friends won't.
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Necklaces, smooth or baroque, 15.00 to 50.00. Marvelique®, the finest by marvella.

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Neiman-Marcus is esteemed for the rare good taste of everything offered by this fabulous store. J&B is esteemed in scotch—for a rare flavour that sets it apart.



J&B Rare is shipped by the historic English house of Justerini & Brooks whose books of account show the names of many distinguished patrons, including the immortal Charles Dickens. Your good taste is in good company when you pour J&B.

The others are not J&B rare scotch whisky

"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • THE PADDINGTON CORPORATION, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Private Wire from Everywhere

London

A friend wrote that the gossip has been about the absurd list of "Society: The Index" in a magazine with these matters labelled "Yes": among the artists to have at your party, Sutherland, McEwen, Freud, and Hockney, but to have on your wall, Bacon, Nicholson, Huchins. Among the hostesses, Lady Pamela Berry, Fleur Cowles, Mrs. Jack Heinz, Mrs. David Bruce, Mrs. Gilbert Miller. Among the gadgets and gimmicks, a telex number and a two-phone Rolls-Royce. Among the unchic diseases, slipped disc, ulcers, and mononucleosis. Where to buy umbrellas: Railway Lost Property. Finally, the "Yes," phrases include: "You've lost your cool," "Groovy," and "Have bolero will ravel."

Another friend wrote about the party given by Lord and Lady Harlech for their three Ormsby Gore children. "It was staggering to see the square older guests with their offspring, the girls in Portobello market clothes and black-and-white makeup. The son in long bangs and a white lace shirt. Very Pop Art and very art nouveau, with a bandstand inside the tent ballroom where two of the loudest, poppiest bands played. One thin boy tightly encased in black, black velvet with Regency jabot. He outdid all caricatures of Aubrey Beardsley. The Dowager Duchesses peeping, amazed, at the whole staggering, marvellous scene. The men were the peacocks. Actually *anyone* over twenty-five looked square. Never were there so many beautiful looking men since old Brummel. Oh, forgot: one young man, Mark Palmer, had a cascade of diamonds from each cuff."

Kiev

Someone telephoned with the story that in Russia the newest song is really the Clairol television jingle that goes: "Is it true blondes have more fun? Is it true blondes have more fun? Why not be a blonde and see? A Lady Clairol blonde, that's silky shining blonde. Is it true blondes have more fun? . . . If I've only one life . . . let me live it as a blonde!"

Madrid

In a letter a friend said: "Geraldine Chaplin has been taking flamenco lessons from Tatiana, nineteen years old, beautiful, and probably the best flamenco dancer. She appears at the latest and most successful boîte, called Las Brujas (The Witches). . . . There's a craze all over Europe for the handmade Spanish rugs called 'Alpujarras.' Over the years Balenciaga has made the greatest collection of them in the world for his houses in Paris and Spain. Now the Duchess of Windsor and Audrey Hepburn have ordered them. Although there are factories in many parts of Spain, there is one special place in Extremadura which concentrates on reviving ancient designs or following out specific orders and as a result the factory is producing something unique and new with great wit and flair. The big difference about these loomed rugs is that the knot is not cut. (The rugs now made by hand all over Spain are called Alpujarras, because they were first made in the Alpujarras mountains between Granada and the Mediterranean coast.)"

Porto Santo Stefano

We heard from this enchanting place on the Italian coast, about two and a half hours drive from Rome, that everyone who can crowds in at night to Le Streghe, which means, oddly, The Witches, a discothèque run by three English girls. People drive as much as one hundred miles just to dance on the dim terrace. The Duchessa Marina Lante della Rovere likes the pop dances there. Gioconda Crivelli wears pyjamas from Princess Galitzine there, and the well-known actor Philippe Leroy arrives nightly on his Vespa with his wife hanging on. She, incidentally, wears black, only black—slacks, T-shirt, but coloured patent pumps. It is to see.



All the really smart people are wintering in GLENOIT!

What's Glenoit? The most fashionable pile fabric in the world. This Glenoit, called CORDAPILE. The groovy, with-it pile. Here, in a shortness that belts into a button. White only. Sizes 8-16. About $40. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Macy's, San Francisco; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Foley's, Houston; Cain-Sloan Co., Nashville; Buffums', Long Beach, California. By **WHITE STAG**

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THE LIGHT TONE FOR LIGHTING.
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Full responsibility for the high cheek-bones, the haunting eyes, the aquiline nose, the vibrant glow and all other special effects will be accepted by our new Face Shaders.

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Charles of the Ritz



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT'S JACQUELINE...

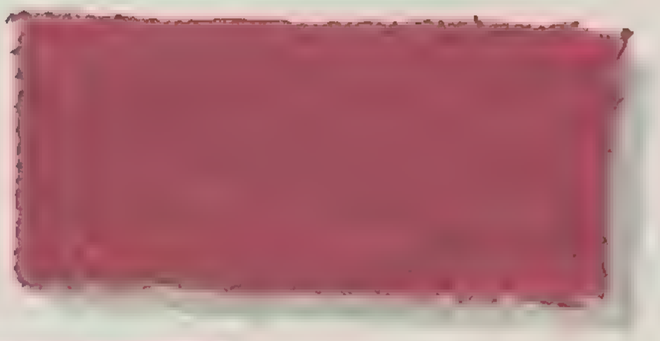
How can two blue shoes make a whole shoe wardrobe? Easily...when they're Jacqueline blue pumps; coordinated to hobnob with almost all the new fall colors, from hot pink to Stuart plaid. Shoes with strap and bow, of suede and contrast textures...or reptile grain with suede. Jacqueline gives















WEARING BLUE WITH EVERYTHING

your wardrobe a life of its own. Most styles $12 to $16. At Emporium, St. Paul; Kaufman's, Colorado Springs; The White House, El Paso; Gottschalk's, Fresno-Merced-Visalia; Bergner's Peoria; Winkelman's Apparel, Cleveland; Penn Traffic, Johnstown; Younkers of Iowa; other leading stores.

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PEIGNOIR AND GOWN SHOWN: DACRON® POLYESTER, ORLON® ACRYLIC, DU PONT NYLON AND AVRIL† RAYON.

Affluent flannel, in 'Orlon' and 'Dacron'. Soft, serene. By Saramae.

Wherefore the look, the loveliness of this peignoir and gown? In the exquisite styling by Saramae. In the artful blending of Orlon* acrylic and Dacron* polyester. Making this ensemble feminine, luscious, care-free to stay. In white, pink, or blue. Gown about $15. Peignoir, about $17. At Joseph Magnin, Calif. & Nevada; Bramson, Chicago; B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.

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tone! blush!

2-in-1! Dorothy Gray did it!

New Brush Stroke: fabulous complexion toner with its own blushing mate

It's the first complete brush-on make-up... in a chic little compact with double brush. Both toner and blusher are color-wedded with perfect harmony to light your face with the loveliest blush... the kind that happens when he whispers "I love you." (And if he hasn't, he will!)

In a choice of six beautifully coordinated toners and blushers; also with Highlight and Soft Focus toners in ivory and taupe for contouring and special effects. $3.75.



Luminous and delectable pearls



of **emba***

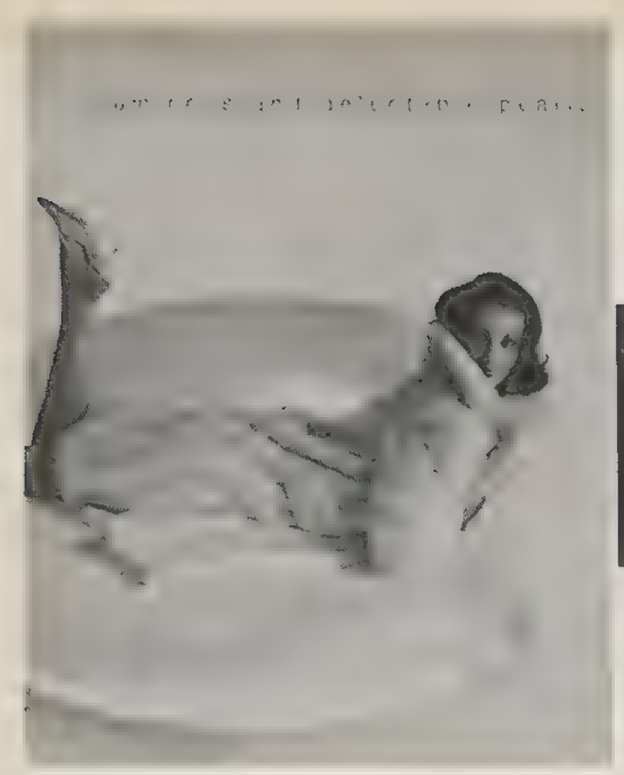
Fairest of them all: the new pale pearls in the opulent collection of sumptuous EMBA mink. They're the rare and royal treasures that glow in newly softened, becoming shades of elegance, to wreath you in beauty. Beige...blond...taupe...blue...lavender, and more. Like cherished pearls of enduring loveliness, their luminous tones flatter you with shimmering delicacy. See the wondrous way they enhance your complexion and blend with your hair and your eyes. You'll emerge radiant in the bewitching mists of your very own EMBA pearl, the fur of supreme luxury. See yourself in EMBA...visit one of the fine stores listed, or consult your trusted furrier. EMBA mink is bred and cultivated in America, for the admiration of the world.



Above left: Luminary of the night: TOURMALINE* EMBA natural pale beige mink bolero-wrap, collared in graceful splendor. *Center:* Absolute luxury: the enchanting cascade of the fashion-bound EMBA Pearl cape-stole, your pale gem for evening. *Left:* Delectable flattery in AZURENE* EMBA natural blue-gray mink—the new-length jacket with casual chic, for town or travel. *Opposite:* The soft mist of TOURMALINE* EMBA natural pale beige mink creates the special radiance of the notched-collar pearl.

ATLANTA, GA., RICH'S • BALTIMORE, MD., HUTZLER BROS. • CINCINNATI, OHIO, H. & S. POGUE • CLEVELAND, OHIO, HALLE BROS. COLUMBUS, OHIO, F. & R. LAZARUS • INDIANAPOLIS, IND., WM. H. BLOCK • KANSAS CITY, MO., WOOLF BROS. • LOS ANGELES, CALIF., J. W. ROBINSON NEW YORK, N.Y., B. ALTMAN • PHILADELPHIA, PA., STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER • RICHMOND, VA., MILLER RHOADES • ST. LOUIS, MO., FAMOUS & BARR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FROST BROS. • WASHINGTON, D. C., WOODWARD & LOTHROP • (see following page for additional stores)

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Virginia Thoren-Rice



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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Ambiance dreamed up for women by a young couturier



You must have heard of it, the fragrance called Y, the first, and so far only, perfume designed by Yves Saint Laurent. Just enough of the perfume was concocted in France last year to act as a test case. . . . A number of the American women who first met it in France became so devoted to it that they made our lives hard to live last Christmas; their husbands, recipients of strict Y perfume orders and unable to fill them here, turned to Vogue for help. Failed to understand why we couldn't lay hand on a couple of ounces just to help them out. Were irate when we suggested "Why don't you take her to Paris for the holiday and let her do her Y-shopping there?" . . . No more of that. Y's here, combining both of the top notes of M. Saint Laurent's clothes, excitement plus dignity, and its purpose is outright chicanery. An alluring composition that involves cypress and oak among other more well-known materials, Y (pronounced *i grec* in Paris) is as audacious as M. Saint Laurent's Mondrian dresses and it would not strike us dumb if it turned out to be just as dashingly successful.

What's baking in the beauty factory? Read on for hot-red news.

Smells like pâtisserie. Could be French pastry shop. Marylia, a vanilla-like scent, influences the aromatic behaviour of most of the great confections it churns up. Place, Long Island workshop where Imperial Formula mixtures are lovingly stirred, poured, packed, even labelled—by hand, every inch of the way. Not one machine on the premises. . . . Originally brewed for the damsels of a French court, Imperial Formula is most celebrated for its performance in Nutricia Cream, a night cream with a firming tendency and an apricot colour. Now added to the Nutricia cleansers and throat balms are Imperial-Formula-ized lipsticks: terra cotta, plum, tanned-pink, fiery-red. "More Mouth Look," said Imperial. Among forty Imperiously-selected U. S. shops: Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.



No body in the world moves quite like Mona Bergman's body.

That's why there's Vyrene®.

And that's why Warner's put Vyrene in her new "Fair 'n Cooler" bra.

When Mona Bergman stands or sits, reaches or stretches, she does it like no one else.

It's the same with you. When you move, you change shape. And you do it in your own special way. That's why even a bra that fits you fine one minute, may be riding, binding, and bulging the next.

Warner's didn't want that.

That's why they chose a fabric of Vyrene spandex for the band of their "Fair 'n Cooler"™ bra.

Vyrene is the spandex with 20% more stretch. Vyrene stretches where you stretch, and still supports you where you want to be supported.

Vyrene was developed by the people who first put the stretch into fashion with famous Lastex®...

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WARNER'S "FAIR 'N COOLER" BRA IS MADE OF COTTON, NYLON, ACETATE AND VYRENE.
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CARMEL HAS THE TOUCH

THE LUXURY TOUCH
OF CRESLAN®

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LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER

New dinner look in dress and jacket by George Carmel. Fabric styled by Berroco of **55% Creslan acrylic filament, 45% worsted wool.** Creslan is a product of AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. CYANAMID

At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Joseph Magnin, West Coast; Bramson, Chicago.

Coty creates the innocent make-up

It's all translucent. And too sheer to show. Tender new Veil Naturelle. A whole new kind of 'innocent' make-up to bless your face with the luminous beauty of a child. The base is a cream. Moist. Translucent. Smoothing on like cream of dew. Over it—a new soft 'moonlit' finishing powder. And with it all, the most fragile whispers of Blush Accent, going on like colored light. This is the cosmetic triumph of our time—the finest, most tender, innocently beautiful make-up ever made. Try it. (And don't be surprised if people call you 'baby'.)

Veil Naturelle by Coty

inspired by the most beautiful people in the world—children



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Out of the little heel in suede crossed with kid. And into a tall suede so kiddish it races your office knit

One. Two. You change you.

right to the party. Double your dateability. Switcheroo. Swap Personality: the shoes

Hello personality *shoe!*



brash enough to bring it off. Bring a pair and a spare. At just $6.00 to $13.00 you always have change for later.

Wouldn't you like to be in our shoes? Most of America is. International Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo., 63166, Personality Shoe Division.



Loud and Clear

That spirited plaid meets high spirited Red Paint and the fun is on - from the skin out! Mix them, match them, collect them (they both come in lingerie, nighties, foundations). In plaid nylon tricot: our great Bare Essential bra. Also in red, and eight other solid colors! 32-36A, 32-38B,C. $4. This minute petticulotte 4-7 $5. In Red Paint Lycra® bra with adjustable stretch straps. 32-36A, 32-38B, 32-40C. $6. Long-leg Lycra pantie girdle with Double Tulip Control S-M-L $15. Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

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the romantic fragrance...

Love it this new way... L'Air du Temps

Airomatique by Nina Ricci

PARIS

Dawn of a new day in spray...the Airomatique! An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. Just a touch of your finger releases a fine mist of L'Air du Temps Eau de Toilette. It's all fragrance. And all in all the most beautiful addition to your boudoir since sprays were first invented. Easily refilled, leak-proof and spill-proof. **Eau de Toilette 2½ ozs., $6.50**
In Capricci, 2½ ozs., $7.50



Pure virgin wool dress by Geoffrey Beene

Can anything come close to pure virgin wool for elegance and luxury? Of course not. Then look for the wool mark label. It appears only on quality-tested products made of the world's best... pure virgin wool. You'll find it on this two-piece, day-in-town dress by Geoffrey Beene. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Magnin, California & Nevada; Dayton's Oval Room; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas & Fort Worth.
The Wool Bureau, Inc., New York, N.Y.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

The mark of the world's best...pure virgin wool

A selective product of the GREAT LAKES MINK ASSOCIATION, producers of natural dark ranch mink.



The world's most fascinating brunette: GLMA® Mink

A COTY AWARD DESIGN BY BETTY YOKOVA

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333 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



Can you think of a more beautiful way to stay warm and

DRY



There's more to this fashion boot than meets the eye. Eskiloos stay dry as a duck in a downpour because they're completely waterproof. And these boots are sure-footed on slush or ice. So warm you can wear them right through the coldest winter!

Zip into "Tassi"—fastest way to look beautiful, weather or not! Shown in Seville Grasso—the dramatic new Spanish color. Talented Royalon® won't chip, scuff, stain, or crack. Also in sueded finishes, equally opulent, all in N & M widths that fit with snug comfort.

ESKILOOS®

Surprise package: lush, pile linings make Eskiloos beautiful inside, too! In the new shades of Spain, color-coordinated to the outside boot finishes.

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When hearts are young and gay . . . the new light, mild drink is

Dubonnet

straight,
on-the-rocks,
or in soda!

Along the boulevards of Paris, before lunch or dinner, you'll find fashionable people enjoying gentle Dubonnet. Whatever the drink, there's a Parisian adventure in every sip!

There's nothing in the world like Dubonnet

Alligator in hand

Handsome new handbag in town



TAD WAKAMATSU

Handsome handbag of the finest matched Madagascar alligator, gleaming black, small grained—the classic envelope style given a great new look by a circular 18-k. gold-plated brass closing. It's just the proper look—terrific—to carry with all the marvellous city suits in fashion now. Lined in black leather. Handbag by Coblentz. At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel.

Five reasons why there's no perfume in Almay's Hair Mist.



(1) Shouldn't the man in your life get the full effect of your wiliest perfume? After all, you go to a lot of trouble and expense to make sure you have the right one. It's special. It's you.

That's why Almay's Hair Mist has no cloying, lingering, varnish-like odor to compete with your perfume. We think it would be a shame if hair spray undid everything you want your perfume to do.

Almay Hair Mist keeps hair in place. Naturally. Gloriously. But perfume (2) can irritate sensitive skins, (3) bring tears to your eyes or (4) make you wheeze and sneeze. So, out it went. Lacquer is out, too.

Because it cakes, makes hair brittle and can irritate just as much as perfume.

Think a moment. (5) Doesn't it make sense to use a hair spray that does what it's supposed to do without creating problems? That's why Hair Mist is for you. And it's just one Almay beauty aid that has 55 known irritants filtered out.

For a sensible approach to complete hair care, we also suggest Almay Soap Shampoo and Creme Rinse.

Almay . . . recommended for allergic skins, safer for sensitive skins, best for normal skins. We call our cosmetics hypo-allergenic. You'll call them indispensable.

Almay, Division of Schieffelin & Co., New York, N.Y.10003.

ALMAY
HYPO ALLERGENIC





THE CULT OF THE GENTLE CURVE Lily of France creates the curve Adele Simpson romanticizes the silhouette.

B. Altman & Co., I. Magnin & Co.,.



New Pants Proportions

Straight-as-a-stem pantlegs slit in back for movement...smoothly curved tunic: In geometric blue brocade. Leggy pantie girdle and natural point d'esprit bra...blithe blue underscoring. Also in white, black, beige-rosé. (Lily Bergère bra A-B...$6) (Blue C® Spandex pantie girdle S-M-L...$14)

The Cover that Reveals

A tailor's dream...a great sense of the body beneath—Adele Simpson's black silk-and-wool 6 o'clock dress. The lily-light figure in Lily of the Valley black lace bra and length of girdle for a lithe middle. Also in white and beige-rosé. (Bra A-B-C...$5) (Lycra® Spandex girdle 25-32...$18.50)

All apparel on this and following pages at all stores listed.

Julius Garfinckel & Co., The Dayton Co., Neiman-Marcus,

Lily of France®

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Lycra® is a DuPont trademark



THE CULT OF THE GENTLE CURVE Lily of France creates the curve Adele Simpson romanticizes the silhouette.

Hutzler's, The Halle Bros. Co., Gidding-Jenny,



The Asymmetric...Transparently Great

Misty brown chiffon by Adele Simpson, bared to a shoulder. Lily's beige-rosé contour strapless bra and bias-cut girdle with natural back. Also in white, black, clair bleu. (crepe tricot bra A-B-C...$6) (Blue C® Spandex girdle S-M-L...$11)

Bareness...At its Height Now

Delicious shimmer of beige satin...heightened seams...new little stole. Undercurrent of curve... Lily's lacy little beige-rosé corselette, natural as second skin. Also in white, black. (Lycra® Spandex corselette B-C...$29.50)

All apparel on these and preceding pages at all stores listed.

The Blum Store, B. Forman Co., Joseph Horne Co.,

Lily of France®

Lycra® is a DuPont trademark

Mojud presents the ish colors

Only Mojud has a collection of stockings with colors like these.

We call them "ish" colors. Because they aren't white or grey or brown or any ordinary color like that.

They're "ish." White-ish. Grey-ish. Brown-ish. Dozens of soft, pale, subtle colors.

(We also have our usual brilliant, bold un-ish colors for your brilliant, bold un-ish moods.)

Of course, no matter how beautiful a stocking looks, you wouldn't want it if it didn't also fit just as beautifully.

Mojud stockings also fit just as beautifully. **MOJUD® HOSIERY**

Another fine product of Kayser-Roth



White-ish

Taupe-ish

Green-ish

Etcetera-ish

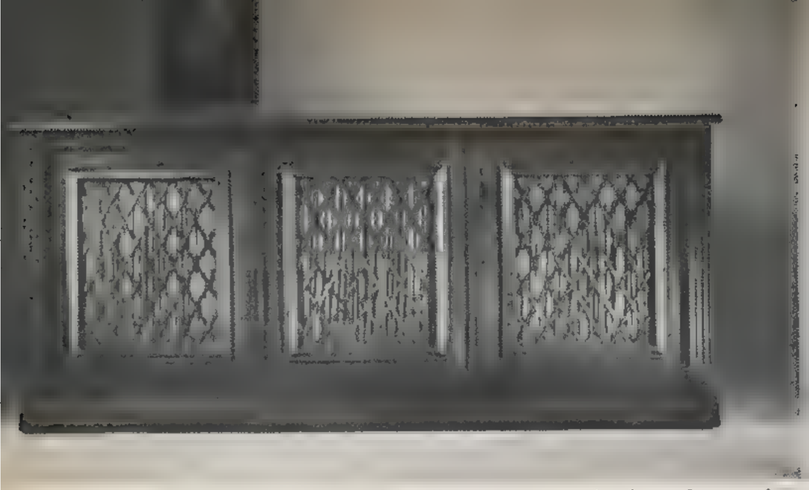
Sand-ish

It's the new Clairol® discovery that gives fine, limp hair the body to hold a set. Makes thin hair seem thicker. Makes damaged hair look healthy again. It's Kindness™... made with concentrated protein! No waiting, no heat cap, no washing it out. You just comb Kindness in. Now it's easy to have hair that looks strong and healthy.

All it takes is a minute from you. And a little Kindness from Clairol.™

Now, 60 second conditioning.

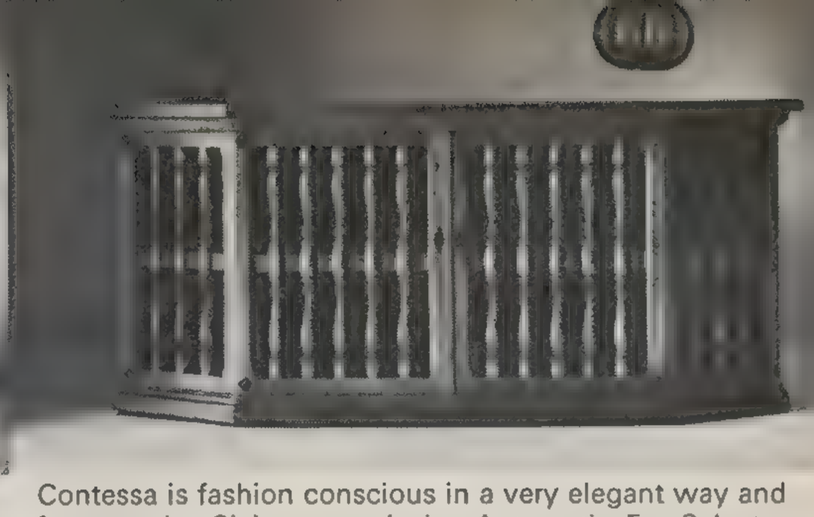
KINDNESS from CLAIROL



Patrician, finely detailed Mediterranean design in satin walnut. Like all Clairtone consoles features solid state tuner and amplifier of sophisticated design. $499.00



Famous people everywhere applaud Project G. It's the only console in the world that lets you move the sound to suit room acoustics and music. "G" wins design awards too. $1600.00



Contessa is fashion conscious in a very elegant way and features the Clairtone-exclusive Automatic Fm Selector for touch key tuning of fm/stereo stations. $789.00

Listen to Sinatra on Clairtone stereo.

Sinatra does.



See him in Marriage on the Rocks, an A-C Production through Warner Brothers.

Clairtone stereo is one of the small American miracles that comes along every now and again to make life more pleasant. ☐ When we started Clairtone seven years ago we had four employees, including the President and Executive Vice-President. The first year we sold 350 sets and had the smallest Christmas party in the stereo business. ☐ To cut a long story short, this past summer we sold Clairtone set number 100,000 and are now the world's biggest specialists in package stereo sets. Bar none. ☐ But what we're proudest of is our customers, because they include a long list of people who are famous for knowing what music should sound like. For instance, Frank Sinatra. ☐ If you'd like to hear why people like this choose Clairtone you can go and see and listen to one in virtually any famous department store in North America, or a select number of music houses and appliance shops. Please do.

Not every store has Clairtone, only those with the highest reputation for service, quality and integrity: Abraham & Straus, New York*/B. Altman, & Co., New York/Bamberger's, New Jersey*/Barker Bros., Los Angeles*/Bloomingdale's, New York & New Jersey/Boston Store, Milwaukee*/Broadway Department Store, Los Angeles*/Curtis Brothers, Washington/Dayton's, Minneapolis & St. Paul*/Famous Barr, St. Louis*/Fedway, Pomona/Finger Furniture Co., Houston/Foley's, Houston*/B. Gertz, Inc., New York*/Halle Bros., Cleveland*/D. H. Holmes, New Orleans & Baton Rouge*/J. L. Hudson, Detroit*/Jordan Marsh, Miami & Fort Lauderdale/Macy's, New York*/Macy's of California, San Francisco*/Marshall Field & Company, Chicago*/H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati*/Polsky's, Akron/Rich's, Inc., Atlanta*/J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles*/Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco*/Stern's, New York & New Jersey*/The Titche-Goettinger Co., Dallas*/Wallich's Music City, Los Angeles*/John Wanamaker's, Philadelphia & Yonkers*/Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne/Woodward & Lothrop, Washington*/and leading independent home entertainment dealers across the country.

*All Branches

Beauty has a big mouth

No offense meant. It's just that lips are back. Bright, bold (but not brash) and luscious, an orbit of color that illuminates the face. Powers was first to get wind of this and created a spectacular new palette of lip color in a formula that's as soft as a caress, as rich as cream, as moist as dew—perfect for the fascinating king-size mouth.
You can bring these very same colors right down to your finger tips with Powers new matching nail lacquer.
Don't wait another minute to light up your lips and nails with **Powers.**



Sold only at fine department and specialty stores John Robert Powers Cosmetics ©1965.



REGISTERED

Élégance

From LIERANT® of Paris comes this elegant fashion. From suave bateau neckline to flaring flounce it flows with a dateless smoothness of sophistication.

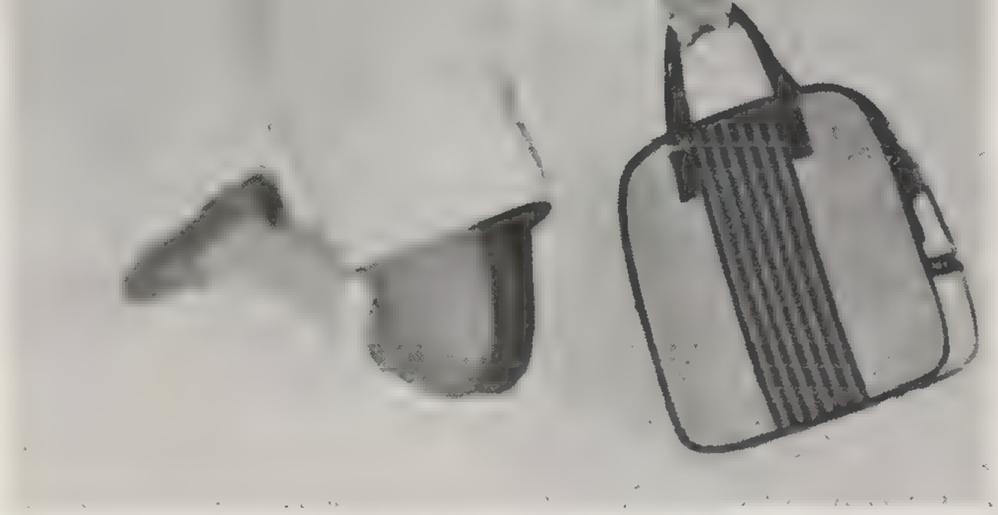
Our exclusive French knit is worldly—in shape retention, wrinkle resistance and lightning recuperative powers. See this elegant dress from our exclusive REGISTERED COLLECTION™ at your favorite store now.

D'Ormigny CORPORATION

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR IN THE U. S.
1407 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Rainy-day geometrics

Splashy umbrella and the everything-goes bag



Brightening up rainy days—a giant umbrella from Italy, splashed with geometric triangles of black, taupe, and bright enamel yellow; carved black wooden handle. Opens to a 36-inch diameter. By Polan Katz, of nylon. $30. Bloomingdale's. Going along rain or shine—the everything-goes bag of rainproof beige cotton rimmed in black vinyl, red-black-and-yellow stripes dashing down the centre . . . big and roomy inside, with loops to hold makeup bottles steady to the pace. By Lark. $35. White gloves of Analon nylon, by Hansen. All at Bloomingdale's. Bag: I. Magnin. Ivory-coloured corduroy dress by Edie Gladstone for Deebs. $65 at Bonwit Teller. Strapped shoes of beige chino suède, by Capezio. Stockings by Christian Dior.

YOU'LL FIND THE *Sleep-ease* GOWN Shown on opposite page AT THESE FINE STORES



ARIZONA
La Ville de Paris ..... Nogales

CALIFORNIA
Hink's of Berkeley ..... Berkeley
Macy's ..... California
Rodder's* ..... Fresno
J. W. Robinson ..... Los Angeles
Rhode's* ..... Oakland
Carither's ..... Petaluma
J. M. McDonald Co. ..... Santa Clara
Millers West ..... San Diego

COLORADO
May D & F* ..... Denver

CONNECTICUT
Worth's* ..... Waterbury

DELAWARE
Arthur's* ..... Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Frank R. Jelleff's* ..... Washington

FLORIDA
Jordan Marsh ..... Florida
May-Cohen ..... Jacksonville

ILLINOIS
D. J. Stewart & Co. ..... Rockford

LOUISIANA
Muller Co. ..... Lake Charles
Kreeger's ..... New Orleans

MARYLAND
Stewart's* ..... Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
Jordan Marsh* ..... Boston
McWhirr's ..... Fall River
Richard Healy Co. ..... Worcester

MISSOURI
The Jones Stores ..... Kansas City
Stix Baer & Fuller* ..... St. Louis

NEBRASKA
Goldstein-Chapman ..... Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Machinist's ..... Manchester

NEW JERSEY
Levy Bros.* ..... Elizabeth
M. Epstein Inc. ..... Morristown
P. J. Young's ..... New Brunswick
Tepper's* ..... Plainfield
Nevius-Voorhees ..... Trenton

NEW YORK
Adam Meldrum & Anderson* ..... Buffalo
G. H. Wiltsie ..... Cortland
Erlanger Fashions ..... Glens Falls
Plymouth Fifth Ave.* ..... N. Y. C.
Goldberg's ..... Rome
E. W. Edward's ..... Syracuse
Doyle Knowler* ..... Utica

NORTH CAROLINA
Brody's ..... Kinston

NORTH DAKOTA
Shotwell's ..... Fargo

OHIO
The Union Co. ..... Columbus

PENNSYLVANIA
Zollinger Harned Co. ..... Allentown
Pomeroy's ..... Harrisburg
Gimbel's* ..... Philadelphia
Whitner's ..... Reading
Scranton D. G. Co. ..... Scranton
Fowler, Dick & Walker ..... Wilkes-Barre
Jack's of York ..... York

TEXAS
Grammer-Murphey Inc. ..... Midland

UTAH
Auerbach's ..... Salt Lake City

VIRGINIA
Thalhimer's* ..... Richmond

WISCONSIN
H. C. Prange Co. ..... Green Bay
Smart Wear-Emma Lange Inc. Milwaukee
*and branches



There is only one Arnel.

It makes a soft tricot machine washable!

Arnel lets this dainty sleep shift wake up non-wrinkled. Then washes with little or no ironing. **Sleep-ease's** waltz length gown in French Fabrics Corp. brushed tricot of *Arnel triacetate and nylon.* Flower embroidery trails down the front. Blue, pink, white. Sizes P, S, M, L. About $9.* Also available in floor length gown or pajamas. At Plymouth Fifth Avenue, New York; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Jordan Marsh of Florida; Macy's California; Robinson's, Los Angeles; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

Raffaelle
ORIGINALS
530 SEVENTH AVENUE
NEW YORK



The Cocktail Crepe...

in pure silk...takes a new direction via the low slung bodice, the far flung skirt.

About $90.

black • brown • royal

Frost Bros.—San Antonio
J. P. Allen—Atlanta
Halle Bros.—Cleveland

The everything-goes bag

Dashing pony skin to carry any load



Everything-goes bag in sleek brown pony skin trimmed with shiny patent leather patterned like tortoiseshell. Has one zippered pocket in front . . . two zippered pockets inside . . . carries off anything, anywhere. By Koret. About $150. Delivery middle of October. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Travelling along beside the bag—a dress that could also be carried inside as a terrific quick-change . . . charcoal wool jersey, yoked high, skimped everywhere. By Edie Gladstone for Deebs. $70. Lord & Taylor. Christian Dior stockings.

The entire collection of Givenchy Cosmetics is available at America's leading fashion stores, some of which are listed below:

Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's
Atlanta, Ga.
Rich's, Downtown & Lenox Square
Bangor, Me. .....Cortell-Segal's
Beverly Hills, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass. .....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .....Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y. .....Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill. .....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Cleveland, Ohio..The Halle Brothers Co.
Dayton, Ohio .....Gidding-Jenney
Denver, Colo. ..... Neusteter's
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Hempstead, L.I. .....Abraham & Straus
LasVegas, Nev. ..D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc. .....The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, L.I. .....Abraham & Straus
Manhasset, L.I. .....Bonwit Teller
Memphis, Tenn.
The John Gerber Company
Minneapolis, Minn.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind. .....Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn. ..Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La. .....Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y. .....Bloomingdale's
New York, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y. .....Henri Bendel
New York, N.Y. .....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill. .....Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa. .....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon .....I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I. ..The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y. .....B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego, Calif. .....Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash. .....I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif. .....Bullock's
Short Hills, N. J. .....Bonwit Teller
Syracuse, N.Y. .....Helmer's
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D.C.
Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y. .....Bonwit Teller



This is the way to try on your new Givenchy.

In Paris this fall, Givenchy not only designed
a red jacketed dinner dress, a red velvet pagoda hat
and an evening brocade with red feathers,
but Plus Two, a light radiant lipstick in the same brilliant shade.
So try it on. Givenchy designed it for his entire collection.
To go with all his colors.
And to make your mouth look as beautiful
as a ribbon of red silk.
Plus Two, lipstick in the golden bamboo case $5
or the crystal clear egg $6. Nail Colour $2.50.
From the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.



TRIFARI®

unveils

JEWELS OF INDIA

NECKLACES, PINS, EARRINGS, BRACELETS, $10 TO $80. JEWELRY DESIGNS COPYRIGHTED: TRIFARI, KRUSSMAN & FISHEL, INC.

Fredrica



MORNING LIGHT® and JASMINE,® EMBA® mink pearls

Pale pearl luminaries from the EMBA Collection of Rare Quality mink: MORNING LIGHT natural blue beige mink, and JASMINE natural white mink... gems in Fredrica's father-to-son tradition of designing and craftsmanship. Please direct inquiries to FREDRICA, 345 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION, American mink—world's finest

Diamonds: Harry Winston

Gowns: Miss Winston

Virginia Thoren-Rice



Is that tiny laugh line he loves…a wrinkle?



Satura…the sooner the better!

Now, complete Satura skin care to counteract dryness, tiny wrinkles… replenish moisture for a smoother, younger look. New Satura cleanser, new freshener plus DG's famous moisture cream protect as well as correct! **Dorothy Gray did it!**



THE
MORE
COLORFUL
NYLON

Evelyn Pearson, inc.

The Schiffli embroidered coat . . . lean of line, long on detail, lavish of color. Pink, blue, or nude that come pasteled to perfection in Caprolan® nylon . . . quilted over Kodel® polyester fiberfill. Petite, small, medium, large. About $30. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Burdine's, Miami; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C. Fashion by Evelyn Pearson. Fiber by

Allied Chemical

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

When do you use a perfumed cologne? When do you use the refreshant cologne?

When you want a fragrance, use a perfumed cologne. When you want a freshener, use the refreshant cologne. 4711 Cologne. 4711's own scent subtly fades; yet the refreshing feeling lingers. (4711 can't clash with your usual fragrance. It can only enhance it.) After a bath or shower, splash on 4711. Or, with a tissue or facecloth, use a little 4711 now and then through the day. After your splash with 4711, wear any perfume or perfumed cologne you choose. Especially if you choose our 4711 Tosca Perfumed Cologne.



The House of 4711



Undress a chic woman and what do you see!

Depends. If she's in a Cloud Nine mood, you're likely to see Savoir Faire by Perma-Lift. No woman ever before had a bra quite like this. One that suddenly makes you feel like a woman to be reckoned with. One that's this feminine, this inspiring, this filmy. It's 15 denier nylon tricot in an exclusive grapevine lace. For all its delicacy, though, Savoir Faire knows how to get firm. And where. Artfully seamed cups touch you with just the flattering minimum of control. You do the rest—beautifully, in this case. Four divine colors make it hard to buy just one Savoir Faire. Barely Beige, Fashion Beige, Fashion Blue, and Black. $4.00. Matching pantie girdle bewitches because it's nylon stretch lace—works because it's Lycra® spandex powernet. No panels to hem you in, and just the faintest suspicion of shaping in the long-leg style. $9.00.

Perma-Lift®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER • ROTH

Do you want to be a Vogue Editor

Enroll Now In

Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris

(a career competition for college seniors)

FIRST PRIZE: A year on Vogue magazine as a Junior Editor, plus a trip to Paris with Vogue Editors covering the Paris Collections.

SECOND PRIZE: Six months on Vogue as a Junior Editor.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS: For ten runners-up, $50 U.S. Savings Bonds and top consideration for jobs on Vogue, as well as other Condé Nast magazines such as Glamour, Mademoiselle, House & Garden, The Bride's Magazine.

Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris competition was announced in the August 1 issue. The First Quiz and Rules are repeated here.

FIRST QUIZ

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain. *(400 words or less)*

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from the August 1 issue of Vogue (if you don't have a copy, check your library) and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue. *(300 words or less)*

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products. *(500 words or less)*

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph. *(300 words or less)*

Answers to this quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director
VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

NAME_____
(please print)

COLLEGE_____ WHAT DEGREE_____

COLLEGE ADDRESS_____
city state

ZIP CODE_____ MONTH AND YEAR OF GRADUATION_____

HOME ADDRESS_____
street city

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

VOGUE PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears at left; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.


IMPREVU
IS HERE!
Impreu
COTY
AND NOW SPRING IS AN ALL-YEAR THING
IMPRÉVU PARFUM de COTY

What kind of women wear Fashion Tress Wigs?

Busy women, who have to look their best at a moment's notice Sensible women, who want a light airy, comfortable wig. Fashion-con scious women, who are concerned with style and color. Sophisticated women, who know the best wigs are made in Europe of the finest natural hair. Satisfied women, who are glad they bought the world's finest wig

Always look for the Fashion Tress label in fine department stores, wig and beauty salons. Prices start at $150.

Fashion Tress Inc.

PARIS MIAMI BEACH NEW YORK



Endorsed by SYLVIA SCHAEFER, internationally known authority on fashion wigs and consultant to Fashion Tress.

©Fashion Tress, Inc. 1965



Go smothered in fox.
Sporty in tweed. Casual in
suede. Who'll even know
that underneath is this
lovely lacy Turqua slip?
You'll know. $11.
At fine stores everywhere.

Van Raalte

because you love nice things

MODE ET TISSUS D'ITALIE ■ MODE UND GEWEBE AUS ITALIEN ■ ITALIAN FASHION AND FABRICS ■



MODE UND GEWEBE AUS ITALIEN ■ ITALIAN FASHION AND FABRICS ■ MODE ET TISSUS D'ITALIE ■

Beige and grey checked wool by Faliero Sarti
for Guidi's coat — Florence

MADE IN ITALY

Faliero Sarti

VIA ALESSANRIA, 10 — PRATO (ITALY)

MODE ET TISSUS D'ITALIE ■ MODE UND GEWEBE AUS ITALIEN ■ ITALIAN FASHION AND FABRICS



Evening suit designed by Enzo of Milan
in "matelassé" rhodia fabric by Taroni

MADE IN ITALY

INDUSTRIA SERICA
TARONI
VIA MENTANA, 26 – COMO (ITALY)



"He said:
'Darling! I've never seen you look lovelier!'

"I said:
'Why thank you, Bob. That's quite an Ovation!'

"But confidentially—
...it's really my Ovation Cosmetics Consultant who should be taking a bow. For it's Ovation's cosmetic concept I have to thank for the wonderful, radiant feeling which has so boosted my morale!"

"Am I glad now that I opened my door to my Ovation Cosmetics Consultant! She was so helpful! Took such a personal interest in helping me choose what I needed from the new exciting complete line of Ovation Cosmetics. And would you believe it ...she was back in a matter of hours to personally deliver my selections. And ...I didn't even have to leave my home! No wonder they call this 'shopping like a Queen'!"

Your Ovation Cosmetics Consultant is as near as your telephone...probably a neighbor.

For information write—
Ovation Cosmetics, Inc., Dept. B
Woodland Hills, California

Ovation®
SYMBOL OF QUALITY
for the Natural Look of Beauty



It's really exciting to *"Shop like a Queen"* when your Ovation Cosmetics Consultant visits with you. The Ovation line is beautifully packaged and amazingly complete .



FOUNDATION MAKE-UP

Peter Pan Skin Tones match the real you

NEW BODY BEAUTY LESSON. Make up your body with a you-matching foundation. Be fair top to toe in NUDE-TRAL. Or have a tawny tone all your own in TAWN-TRAL. Nylon and Lycra® spandex. "Room at the Top" bras, $6. Panty girdles, $12 and $15.

another Peter Pan *fashion*

Kaufmann's—Pittsburgh • B. Altman & Co.—New York & Branches



Available in Canada. Perfume imported from France. Other Possession fragrances blended in USA with essences imported from France. ©1965 Parfums Corday, Inc.

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 220-221; other views, yardages, details)



6628

Above: Almond-green dinner dress—bodice cut on the bias in front, attached to a camisole; sleeveless or three-quarter-length sleeves. Vogue Pattern 6628. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 45 inch fabric without nap. Price: $2. In Canada, $2.20.



6596

Above: Asymmetric toga, almond green—draped over-dress attaches to under-dress at the shoulder; also short version with straight toga hem. Vogue Pattern 6596. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 5 yards of 40-inch fabric without nap. Price: $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

See the **CAREFREE** at these and other fine stores featuring

SELBY *Fifth Avenues*

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport	Skydel's

MASSACHUSETTS

Fall River	Cherry & Webb
Lawrence	Cherry & Webb
Springfield	Forbes & Wallace

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont	Powers Shoe Store

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park	L & H Shoe Store
Atlantic City	Red Cross Shoe Store
Bayonne	Irving Kahn
Cherry Hill Shopping Center	Dalsimer's
Hackensack	Frank Quinn
Irvington	Kempler Shoes
Newark	Bamberger's Harmon's
New Brunswick	P. J. Young's
Paramus	Bamberger's Stern Brothers
Paterson	Adrian Shoes Meyer Bros.
Red Bank	A. S. Miller Shoe Store
Trenton	Nevius-Voorhees
Union	Kempler Shoes
Union City	Star Shoes
Westfield	Randal Shoes

NEW YORK

Albany	Famous Shoe Store
Astoria	Benjamin Jr. Shoe Shops
Babylon, L. I.	Abraham & Strauss
Binghamton	Walter's Shoes
Bronx	J. Krauss
Bronxville	Pondfield Shoe Shop
Brooklyn	Abraham & Strauss Bennies Bootery Lane's Arch Preserver Shoe Store Livingston Footwear Trio Shoes
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Corning	The Bootery
Elmira	Gorton-Coy Co. The Bootery
Flushing	Benjamin Jr. Shoe Shops Fresh Meadows Bootery
Garden City	Tru Form Shoes
Hempstead, L. I.	Abraham & Strauss
Huntington, L. I.	Abraham & Strauss
Jackson Heights	Benjamin Jr. Shoe Shops
Jamestown	Bigelow's Dept. Store
Manhasset	Abraham & Strauss Michael Shoes
Mineola, L. I.	Abraham & Strauss
New York City	Jacobson Bros. (181 Street) and (Grand Concourse) Kay Bob Shoes R. H. Macy's & Branches Selby Fifth Avenue Selby 34th Street Selby 57th Street Sterns Tru Form Shoes
Norwich	Urlwin's Shoes
Olean	Hannifan & Co.
Parchester	J. Krauss (Cross County and Valley Stream)
Poughkeepsie	Wallace Co.
Rego Park	Jacobson Bros.
Riverhead, L. I.	Villella Bros.
Rochester	McCurdy & Co. (Midtown Plaza)
Schenectady	Wallace Co.
Staten Island	Michael Shoes
Syracuse	C. E. Chappell & Sons & Branches Park Brannock
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VOGUE'S

The majestic wedding in Rome of Donna Olimpia Torlonia and M. Paul Annik Weiller

Romans, on their way home with long loaves of bread, thronged the square to cheer the royalties arriving for the evening wedding of Donna Olimpia Torlonia and M. Paul Annik Weiller at the Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere. The bride, the daughter of a Roman prince and of an Infanta of Spain, wore a Spanish lace veil and a diamond diadem from the Royal House of Bourbon. Following another ceremony, Greek Orthodox, in the family chapel at Palazzo Torlonia, there was champagne in the torchlit courtyard. Periwigged footmen in livery served supper. As one young nobleman said, "It had an aura of splendour."



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NOTEBOOK

1. The Roman Catholic ceremony. 2. *Centre,* Sir John and Lady Russell, mother of the groom; *right,* Miss Georgiana Russell; *left,* Mr. Alexander Russell. 3. Donna Alessandra Lequio di Assaba; Donna Orsetta Torlonia. 4. H.M. Queen Victoria Eugenia of Spain, grandmother of the bride. 5. The bride and groom. 6. H.R.H. the Infanta Beatriz Principessa di Civitella Cesi Torlonia, mother of the bride; M. Paul Louis Weiller, father of the groom. 7. T.R.H. Prince Enrico d'Assia, Principessa Maria Gabriella di Savoia, and Prince William of Gloucester. 8. Don Marco Alfonso Torlonia with his son, Giovanni.





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VOGUE'S

A pastoral, picnicking concert on Long Island, at the Old Westbury Gardens

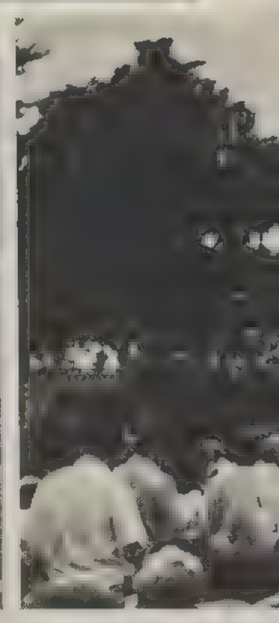
"Old Westbury," famous for its boxwood, its riotous roses and rhododendrons, its allées of ancient trees, is one of the delightful small parks of the world. To benefit the gardens, once the grounds of John S. Phipps, and the Phipps house, a triumph of Long Island Edwardian and now a museum, Mrs. Ogden Phipps and Mrs. Etienne Boegner arranged a festival. It began with clusters of picnics. Then the garden's great South Lawn became a green theatre with, as backdrop, the house illuminated like a Loire château. In this setting, fifteen hundred guests heard young singers from the Metropolitan Opera Studio sing Mozart trios, Verdi arias, love songs



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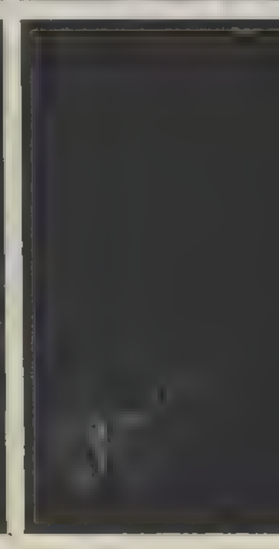


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NOTEBOOK

from *Kiss Me Kate*. Afterwards, a champagne party for the performers . . . with everyone agreed: "Next year—a whole opera." 1. Mrs. Etienne Boegner; Ambassador Francis T. P. Plimpton. 2. Mrs. Artemus L. Gates's picnic. 3. Mr. John Gutman, Director of the Metropolitan Opera Studio; Miss Pamela N. Drexel. 4. Mr. John J. McCloy; Miss Cynthia Phipps; Mr. Carl William Timpson, junior. 5. Mrs. Joseph A. Thomas; Mrs. Ogden Phipps; Mr. Gates Davison. 6. Westbury House. 7. The singers. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bliss. 9. Mrs. David Maylor Leyland; Mr. Vincent Fourcade; Mr. Robert Denning; Comtesse Charles de Lubersac.



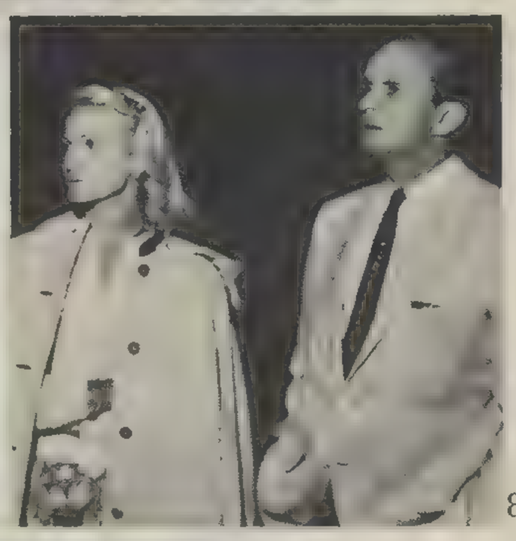
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VOGUE'S

An enchanted début in Newport, given by Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III

What makes a party spin? The dinner dance given by Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel, III, for Miss Sybil Millar swung like the Newport summer breezes around it. The specifics of its success: 1. the prettiest girls, 2. the funniest boys, 3. an attractive house transformed for an evening into a *folie*, 4. a spun-out, delicious dinner prepared with spirit and affection by the family cook, 5. a drift of space to dance in, and 6. the best music in town. For this party the Drexel house and terrace became someone's dream of a Mexican carnival, tented in sherbet pinks and yellows and webbed with firefly lights. For dancing, Cliff Hall, Newport's marvellous music man, played, pulling from one upright piano the bounce of a six-piece band, and making waltzes seem



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NOTEBOOK

newer than frugs. And through it all shone those pretty girls in the image of the Japanese proverb, "All dancing girls are nineteen years old." Or thereabouts.

1. Mrs. John R. Drexel, III, *centre* with Miss Sybil Millar and M. Pierre de Meulemeester, Chief of Protocol at the United Nations. 2. Miss Cathleen Macauley; Signor Gian Pietro Monticelli. 3. Mr. Alexander Trevor; Miss Emily Trevor. 4. Mr. John R. Drexel, IV; Miss Sybil Millar. 5. Mr. John H. Millar; Miss Janet Auchincloss; Mr. Clifford Hall at the piano. 6. Miss Wendy Sherman. 7. Dancing in the pink-and-yellow tent. 8. Mr. Gregory Knox; Miss Anita de Bragança.

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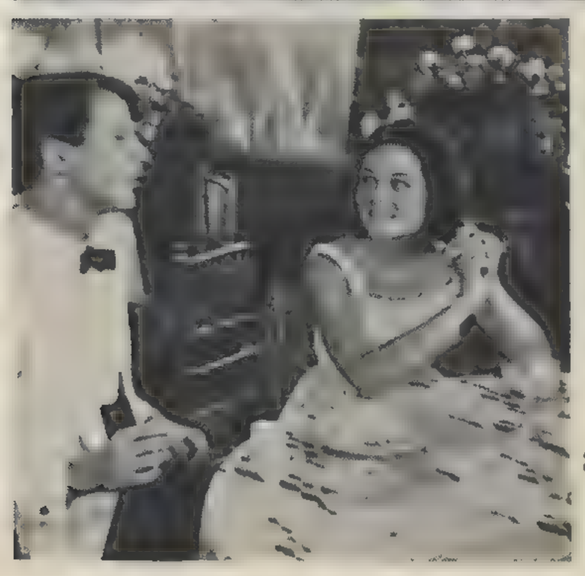




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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Northern Italy,

a scoop of pleasures

In four summer days, I scooped up a collection of pleasures on a circuit through northern Italy: 1. Milan—brisk beat; tanned legs in sandals pacing through the Galleria with its winter-garden glass dome; streets named after opera composers, jammed with cars shaped like small rockets. 2. Lake Como—relaxing as a sauna, refreshing as a glass of water. 3. Valley of Aosta—sunstroked, with crenellated castles, resembling princesses' coronets, on tenderly green hills. 4. Mont Blanc Tunnel—newest shortcut between Courmayeur, Italy, and Chamonix, France; a seven-mile, air-conditioned cut beneath the savage glacial pile of Mont Blanc. Courmayeur—cramped ski town of stone houses with slate roofs like fish scales; main street, an overgrown path. 5. Chamonix—wrapped in purple shadows; its freshly restored casino glowing with Napoleon III gilt. 6. Genoa—tropical; swallows dive-bombing; the slender-columned, small cloister, draped in wisteria, where Christopher Columbus prayed as a boy; the city's twin-star attraction: two new Italian liners, "Raffaello" and "Michelangelo," their stacks laced like drums and banded in green, white, and red.

Among the special pleasures I remember: the trip from New York to Milan aboard Alitalia was like one big party. Italian passengers strolled up and down the narrow economy-class aisle as if it were a *passeggiata.* Stewardesses, wearing Madonna-blue, A-line dresses designed by Fontana, took it all in their stride. . . . The jet's tawny-coloured leather walls reminded me of a library. . . . Only three hours of night separated an enormous Italian dinner from an American breakfast. Eating cornflakes —one A.M. New York time—I saw the frozen Alps jag above thick clouds. . . . The sudden sight of the dew-wet greenness of Lombardy seemed as soothing as eye pads. . . . Entering Malpensa. Milan's airport for transatlantic jets, I was fascinated by the mock-cobbled pavement of black and white marble. . . .

On the *autostrada* to Milan, I never managed to *see* a sports car, only heard their "phssst" as they passed by. . . . Screaming-yellow billboards, Italian translations of Esso's tiger campaign, contrasted with pale egg-yolk *campanili* rising above pen points of cypress. . . . In Milan's Galleria, café tables—three and four rows deep and covered in different-coloured cloths, short ones over floor-length ones—stood like a lineup of cancan dancers. . . .

At Como, a good shop for silk: Moretti, Via Garibaldi 69; one must ask for the handsome printed silk *carrés* and satin-edged chiffon squares stacked in drawers. Not expensive. . . . New on Lake Como, hydrofoil service between Como and Bellagio, the ravishing steep town where streets are steps; under two dollars for a twenty-minute ride passing villas, arcaded boathouses with mooring posts like barber poles, oleanders shaped like pink balloons. . . . The news at the sedate, old-world hotel Villa d'Este on Lake Como is the addition of a revolutionary pool floating in the lake, moored to the edge of a sandy beach. To swim or sun on its broad decks guests walk across a gangplank. . . . Two nights at Villa d'Este—a strategic spot open only in summer for fanning out to Switzerland, Italy, and France—worked for me like a week's holiday. Instant and superb service. Shuttered and balconied rooms smelling of flowers overlook immense gardens where magnolia trees are the size of oaks, and wild jasmine blankets walls. . . . Bird noises awakened me; at dusk, the helter-

skelter echo of melancholy chimes floating over the lake haunted me. . . .

At Comacina, a wild, small island, a rowboat ride across from Sala on the shores of Lake Como, the only reason for stopping is the remarkable simple food served on the terrace of La Nuova Locanda, a restaurant owned and dominated by Cotoletta, a formidable man who forbids smoking during meals. I saw him grab a cigarette from a lunching guest. I remember with delight the taste of a whole tomato drenched in oil and lemon, topped with a twig of thyme; the magenta tablecloths; the straight, innocent taste of grilled fresh trout; vanilla ice cream with slices of orange; coffee-con-brandy flaming in a black cauldron. . . . When I learned that the stern saddle of mountains on the opposite shores was the smugglers' route across the Italian-Swiss frontier, I had the feeling that this tangled island might be a logical plotting spot for murky goings-on. . . .

Italy's bread basket in the magnificent plain of the Po River, *la pianura padana*, was a visual explanation of the drastic development in progress: in some fields women under yellowed hats trudged behind ox-drawn carts in contrast to other fields where bare-headed young boys in shorts, no tops, drove shiny tractors. . . . Like a corridor sheltered in Alpine splendour, the road through the Valley of Aosta follows the glacial-blue, opaque Dora River swirling swiftly over bare boulders. . . . Cement colonnades terraced on soft hills support vineyards; at night, these sun-heated supports keep the vines warm, even help the grapes to ripen early. . . . Like a cavalry attacking, cars and trailer-trucks roared through skinny village streets. . . .

At Bard, a village in the Aosta Valley, too insignificant to be listed on most maps, the food and wine at the Albergo Reale were above average; one waitress had the beauty of a young star. . . . Iced mountain water, the colour of aquamarines, gushed from Bard's village fountain—a smiling lion's head—overflowed into a tub full of laundry. . . . From stone houses, impregnable as fortresses, sunning sheets floated like mediaeval banners. . . . Midway up the Aosta Valley, the lovely town of St. Vincent had the liveliness of a spa, which it is: Italians compare its mineral springs to those of Germany's Karlsbad. Built-in comforts at the attractive white Billia Hotel, a hang-out for Italian movie-makers and stars, included a new underground passage to the marble gambling casino. . . .

From Courmayeur, a village four thousand feet high and directly beneath Mont Blanc, clouds fragile as membranes separated the bland, rocky slopes from the massive peak. . . . Looking like a picture out of *Heidi*, cows grazed on meadows wedged perpendicularly between slopes. . . . Driving through Mont Blanc's new tunnel from Courmayeur to Chamonix reminded me of New York's Lincoln Tunnel on Friday rush hour: bumper to bumper traffic, except here it's under glacier fields beige from summer dust, and raw gravel heaps from the rape of Mont Blanc. . . .

In Genoa, on the fourth and last morning of my whirl through Northern Italy, church bells seemed to ring impatiently as if to hurry me. They did—for my maiden voyage on a maiden voyage: the Italian Line's pretty new ship "Raffaello" was presenting herself to the Atlantic. All Genoa joined in the tumultuous celebration. From Siena came Beatle-cut, blond-wigged boys in mediaeval costumes to wave *Palio* banners on the pier. A plumed carabinieri band drowned out orders for "visitors ashore." Helicopters buzzed overhead. Faces ringed the harbour. Boat horns blew. Sirens screamed. Fire-tug hoses turned out fountains. As the "Raffaello" moved away from a tangle of confetti, balloons which had been stored in the ship's open pools leaped into sunlight. Captain Oscar Ribari, who looks like a young mix of General Eisenhower and Conrad Hilton, pressed a button. The "Raffaello" responded with one sostenuto blast, quivered, and so did I. Eight days of sunny delight floating to New York lay ahead.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Joan Didion

African Stories,

"*Miss Lessing's best work*"

Except on those occasions when I am indulging in a little free-floating self-pity, I do not think much about the "injustice" of being a woman. Perhaps this inability to perceive sexual inequality as the root fact of the human condition is self-delusion; perhaps self-preservation. In any case, it has until now always stood between me and any appreciation of Doris Lessing, for the wailing of women so saturates her novels that they seem written on wet Kleenex. In *African Stories* (Simon and Schuster), however, the wail is muted by time and retrospection, and Miss Lessing succeeds in these tales where I think she has not in her novels.

Her celebrated *The Golden Notebook* was an impossible book, all shrill self-pity about "relationships" and the impossibility of being "a free woman"; like Simone de Beauvoir, Miss Lessing views biology as a cruel trick, an outrage perpetrated upon one unawares, very probably by the Americans. That is not, in Miss Lessing's case, as glib as it sounds, for her politics have a peculiar ring to the ear.

The recurring word is "injustice," and her rather desperate and indiscriminate use of it suggests nothing so much as a projection of the sexual injustice which dominates her thinking. So intent is Miss Lessing upon screaming *unfair!* that she has been content to foist off as the speech of a blacklisted American screenwriter such lines as, "I'm not going to be corralled by any dame in the world, I've never been yet and I never shall."

That bad an ear is simply meretricious, as is her cloudy but unmistakable wish to believe that it is some contemporary social disorder which decrees men should sometimes betray women. "There is no doubt of the new note women strike, the note of being betrayed," Miss Lessing once pronounced.

Of course it is no new note at all but one of the great old notes (*woman's work is never done* and *a good woman's love ain't changed no man to date*), and somewhere deep Miss Lessing knows it, because, as her *African Stories* show, she learned it as a child, out in Africa. She learned it in that country where a woman's lot was indeed hard, where exiled men lost themselves in their farms and where women were left to their childbearing, left to the heat and the enervation and the isolation, left to their pathetic English gardens and eventually to drinking a little in the afternoons and to infidelity with the stranger who would talk to them, and finally to wishing themselves old and past it all. In fact, these African stories are Miss Lessing's best work, partly because the oppressive sense of the place is with her as nothing since could ever be ("That is not a place to visit unless one chooses to be an exile ever afterwards from an inexplicable majestic silence lying just over the border of memory or of thought"), but mostly because she stands at some remove from the place and the time and the people.

This is where her emotional baggage came from, and this is where it fits. These are stories she has remembered and embroidered and invented and gradually understood, stories she *knows*, not accounts shrill with the bleeding resentments of last week's scenes. Perhaps it takes longer than we think to understand what happened last week.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Tom Wicker

The World of Swope,

"somebody made him up"

"Herbert Bayard Swope," said an old-timer on the New York *World*, "doesn't exist. Somebody made him up. He's my favourite character in fiction." Swope, the newspaper's executive editor, demanded to know what was meant by that, but readers of the biography of him, *The World of Swope* by E. J. Kahn, junior (Simon and Schuster), will know before they have gone a hundred pages. It was only the truth, as Swope is presented here.

The trouble is that Swope was also a superb reporter, the editor of one of the great American newspapers, and a friend and adviser to virtually the whole range of important public figures in the decades from 1910 to his death in 1958. Great public affairs in those years almost always found him at least at the fringe, sometimes in the centre (as, for instance, in the nomination of Al Smith by the Democrats in 1928). As an editor, he made his *World* the first newspaper to pay attention to the emerging problem of the Negro in America, and he originated one of the great ornaments of the profession, the *World* "Op.Ed." page, where, in Mr. Kahn's somewhat exuberant phrase, "pranced and capered" such writers as Alexander Woollcott, F. P. A., Laurence Stallings, Heywood Broun, and Deems Taylor.

Such a man as Swope should have had a remarkable impact on his time; if he did, it ought to be weighed, and if he didn't, one wants to know why. Mr. Kahn here is so lost in fascination with his subject that these larger questions have gone past him, unanswered if not unasked. He secretly shares that old-timer's view that Swope really was fictitious.

Swope kept voluminous files, and such contemporaries as Arthur Krock kept masses of material pertaining to him as well as vivid memories. All seem to have been made available. Mr. Kahn, therefore, has been able to cram his thickly textured pages with a startling store of minutiae about Swope, as well as an almost hour-by-hour account of his life and doings.

So if Mr. Kahn has not told us enough about what those of a later era will most wish to know (who, really, *was* Herbert Bayard Swope?), he still has given us a thoroughly readable book about a man of whom Robert Moses said: "The giants of our time recognized his stature and enjoyed the play of his mind and the sunshine of his smile. . . . What many of them sought was more than advice, more than encouragement, stimulation and amusement; it was access to his imagination."

Swope the great host, the fashion plate, the croquet player who raised the game to an art form, the gambler who once won $470,300 in a poker game, the reporter who was not too busy covering the Johnson-Willard fight to give a penetrating paragraph to the sad face of Johnson's white wife, the Wall Street plunger, the man who inspired a thousand jokes ("Where there's life, there's Swope"), the vivid conversationalist, the fountain of fact—one could go on forever: Swope had imagination, all right.

But what else? "My whole capital," Swope wrote in a memo to himself when he was past seventy and desperate for something to do, "is my knowledge of things and my acquaintance with people." Moses was right, Swope's life was a sort of ever-full reservoir for others. It is not the worst rôle a man could play, but there is something wistful in Swope's summation of himself. One senses that in the end his "knowledge of things" and "acquaintance with people," however cherished, was not enough.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Pauline Kael

Darling,

"rich is better"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Movie critic, film-maker, former theatre owner, Pauline Kael is the amusing and attractive author of the recent* I Lost It at the Movies, *a book of crackling, funny film reviews.*

The key sequence in *Darling* invites us to laugh at documentary footage of boobish "little" people in the street answering a television interviewer (played by Dirk Bogarde) who is asking "What is wrong with England?" Ironically, the film itself presents an answer just as silly and badly thought out as theirs and yet seems to congratulate itself for having made such a clever, sophisticated statement about modern society.

The darling of the title, played by Julie Christie, is a Mod-ish, middle-class girl who drifts upward. She casually models, has a bit part in a movie, leaves a husband, deceives a lover, goes to new ones; after such tribulations as an abortion, an orgy, and a religious conversion she winds up unhappily married to a prince.

If some women in the audience will say, "There but for the grace of . . . ," others will think, "It doesn't look half bad." We know the story has been developed out of British headlines. We can see that she's supposed to be as bored and as jealous of what she doesn't understand as Mildred in *Of Human Bondage:* there she is screaming, "I hate books," as she throws them off the shelves. We can see that's she's supposed to be as empty and lonely and loveless as *The Goddess:* there she is in her palace not enjoying her finery one little bit. She even spells it all out for us: "If I could just feel complete." But since she was empty and pushing at the beginning and is still empty at the end, all we can really feel is, "Well, if she's going to be unhappy, rich is better."

It used to be, when we went to a movie and the heroine sinned, she suffered, and we had to suffer along with her. And she suffered so much longer than she sinned, that we paid a heavy price for that early bit of fun. *Darling* employs the new post-*La Dolce Vita* formula, and a swinging formula it is: the heroine has no concept of sin, all she cares about is fun and now. And the author and director show the audience as good a time as they can while introducing little bits of social comment that are intended to "expose" how sick that good time *really* is.

The author Frederic Raphael and the director John Schlesinger are no more imaginatively gifted at vice than they are at virtue. And this may be the making of the film, commercially speaking. Their vice has a prosaic Welfare State look to it: the horrors of jazz and transvestism and "shocking" pompous epigrams and eyes glinting with wicked pleasure at dim wit are democratically available to everybody. Even the orgy can easily be staged on a modest budget in a small home or apartment.

But what is *Darling*'s point of view, what is it saying? It is saying that the boobs on the street are "taken in" by this girl and believe that she's an ideal success story, while we in the audience are being taught better. We are prodded to see this bitch is a child of our times. But is this movie with its loving peeping and deriding any different from, or more profound than, the magazines and columns which also show how dirty the lives of celebrities *really* are? And aren't they favourite reading matter for those people on the street, who will also eat up this movie?

The film-makers, quick to make their satiric point, open the movie with a famine poster which is then replaced by the titles —a poster advertising *Darling*. Not *Darling's* way of life, but their movie. Their satire is double-edged: *Darling* is as empty of meaning and mind as the empty life it's exposing.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

In Warsaw: Tango,

"wit, action, suspense"

Tango, the first full-length work by the leading Polish dramatist, Slawomir Mrozek, is a Shavian drama of ideas. It has wit, action. suspense, some interesting characters, a bit of black humour, and even some pertinent social comment. Its theme is social and not political; although the characters' names are Polish, the scene is not necessarily Polish, and, in fact, the action probably ought to be thought of as taking place in the West.

In this play, Mrozek examines our nostalgia for the formality that the Bohemian revolution of our century has destroyed. His young hero feels that, without all the old rules of behaviour, life has lost its meaning. Resenting the cheerful disorder of his own family, the hero orders his grandmother (whose impudence is suitably symbolized by the jockey cap she likes to wear) to be a sweetly decorous old lady. He forces his girl to make ready for a formal wedding instead of living in sin with him, as she is willing to do, requires his father to be jealous of his wife's lover instead of being "modern" and tolerant. The young hero demands tragedy, but his father insists that this is an age of farce. Stubbornly, the son tries to impose tragedy upon experience, but with farcical results. Perhaps he has *Othello* or the *Oresteia* in mind when he arms his father with a pistol and sends him into the bedroom where he will find the woman and the man who have wronged him. After a marvellously funny delay, waiting for a shot to be fired, the son bursts in to find everyone happily playing cards.

At the end of the play, sanity breaks in, and everything collapses with excessive abruptness. But for most of its length, Edwin Axer's Warsaw production of *Tango* is eminently satisfactory.

The Life of Joseph,

funny and quaint as it ought to be"

One of Warsaw's most admired—and most admirable—productions is a sixteenth-century play with a biblical theme, Mikolaj Rej's *The Life of Joseph.* It is consistently picturesque: that is to say, it is full of stage pictures that could be naïve Renaissance woodcuts come to life. The director, Kasmierz Dejmek, in his carefully stylized staging, conveys the simple religiosity of an earlier time without making it ridiculous. His *Joseph* is exactly as funny and quaint as it ought to be—no funnier and no quainter.

At first glance, the exaggerated contrasts between good and evil would seem to endanger this delicate balance. Joseph's loutish brothers have no more to justify them than their instinctive resentment of Joseph's polite, pious, disarming demeanour. Potiphar's wife is a middle-aged, over-sized, over-sexed monster who could make a single mouthful of the guileless Joseph. Fortunately, Dejmek has manufactured an historical context which suggests the period and its attitudes so well that its naïveté seems natural and not merely ludicrous. He has given us warm and colourful settings and stage conventions that enable actors to impersonate sheep, and puppets to impersonate devils. The effectiveness of this background permits us the luxury of a smirking Joseph, who considers himself holier than any thou on the stage and is in a state of continual delight with his virtue, scarcely knowing whether to take more pleasure in his moral superiority to his brothers, his skill at interpreting dreams, or his final generosity to his family. Potiphar's wife momentarily wipes that smirk off his downy face. Joseph visibly trembles at her touch and escapes from her by jumping out of his clothes and into a barrel, where he rapidly recovers his sanctimonious equanimity.



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Bur-Mil

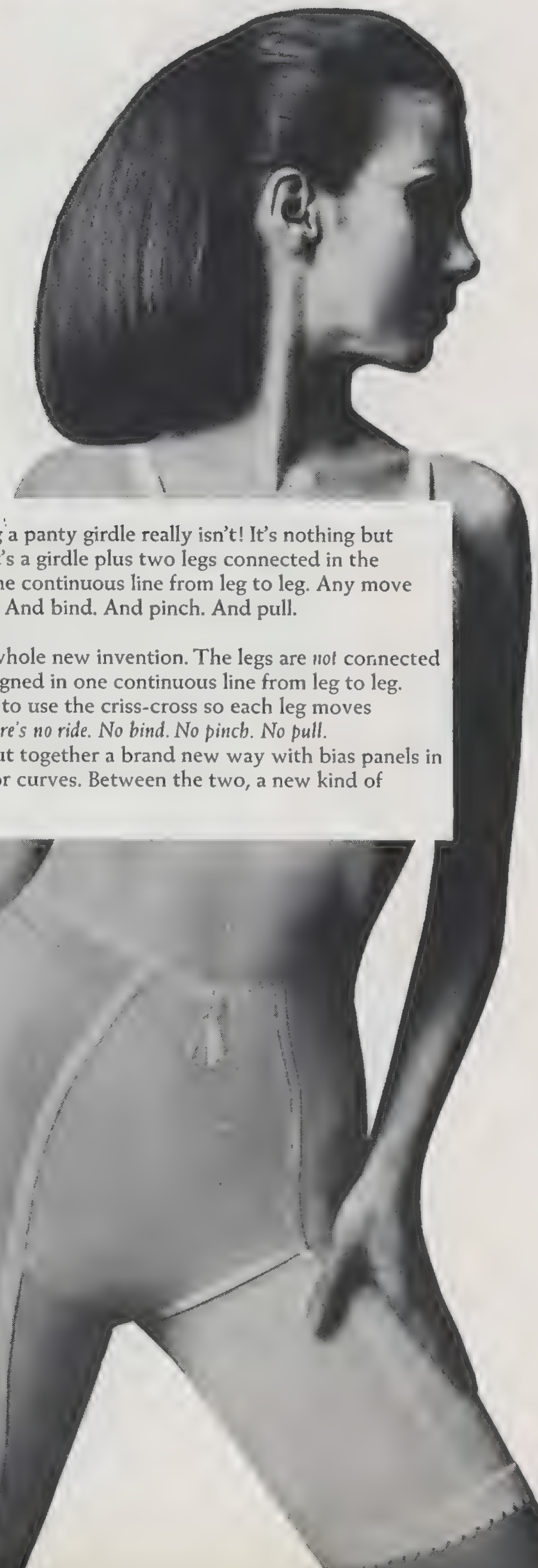
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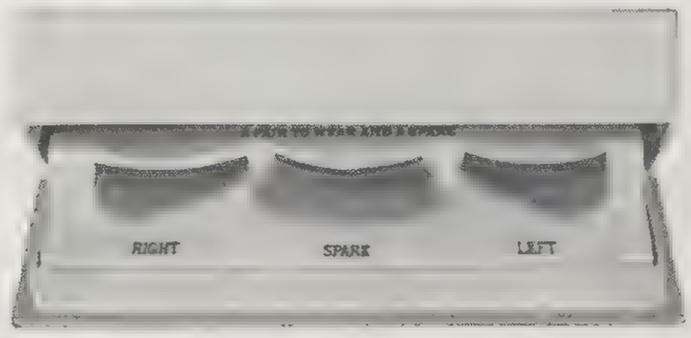
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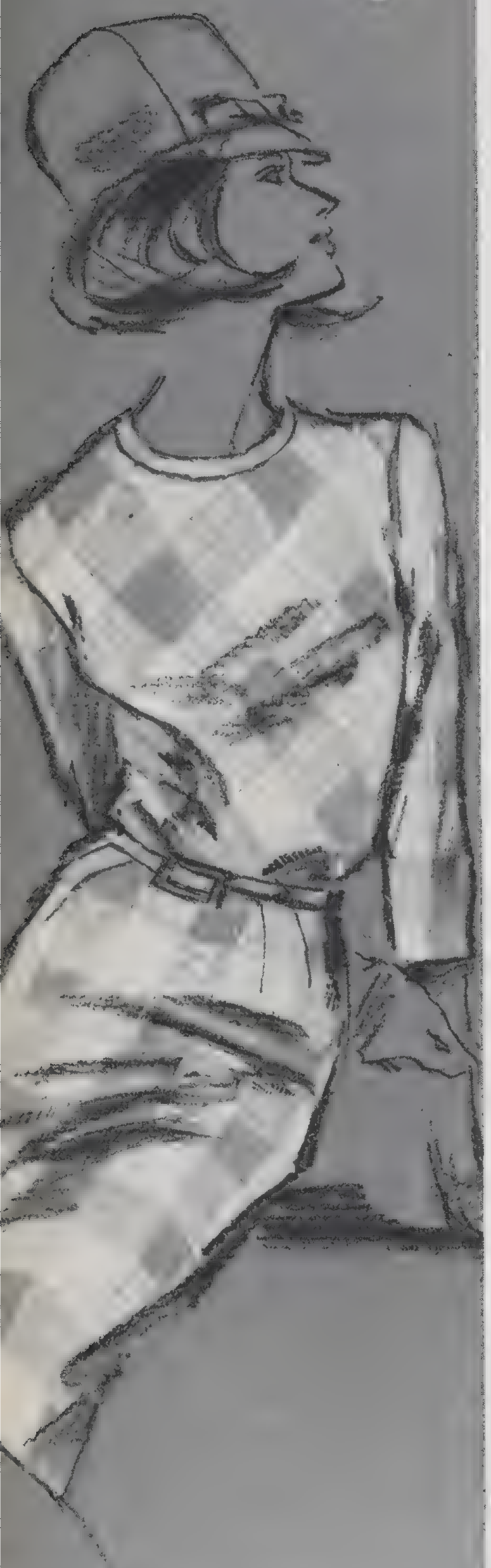


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IVEY'S
Jacksonville, Florida

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

October 1

The last of the big-time suntans

There may never again be a fashion for the deep-pored, nut-brown suntan. With the end of summer, 1965, you may have seen the last of it. Mild suntan, all right. Medium-brown suntan, all right, too—on active people whose skins are still plumped up with vestiges of babyhood. But for most women, the beach baking that results in fried skin has begun to lose its advocates. To take the purely fashion point of view, a lifeguard suntan is hardening. (And to be snobbish about it, it's become awfully *usual.*) To take the purely beauty point of view, long, deep suntanning is ruinous—there comes a moment when the skin rebels; in its own defense it puts forth spots of brown and patches of white. (This unevenness is the skin's revenge, and it's a winner.) Then, to take the purely medical point of view, long exposure to sun, especially from a supine position, is believed to account for a notable increase in skin cancer. . . . Will women give up suntanning altogether? We doubt it—a little suntan is too becoming, a little beach life is too delicious, too great for nerves and muscle and bone. But we do think suntan standards will change. . . . The *attractive* suntan of the future will be one wherein the skin's creaminess shows through a mildly gilded surface. It will be a suntan watched as carefully as a meringue on which the cook's life might depend—and it will develop far more slowly. It will be slowed by carefully chosen semi-block sun lotions and creams. By parasols and brimmed hats and sleeved beach clothes. By *long* preparation. Latter begins right now and no later—even for the woman who won't sun again until next summer. It will begin with bath oils in every bath, shower oils in every shower, and moisturizers used, unfailingly, on every square inch of skin. The juicier the skin, the less traumatic its first new sunning.

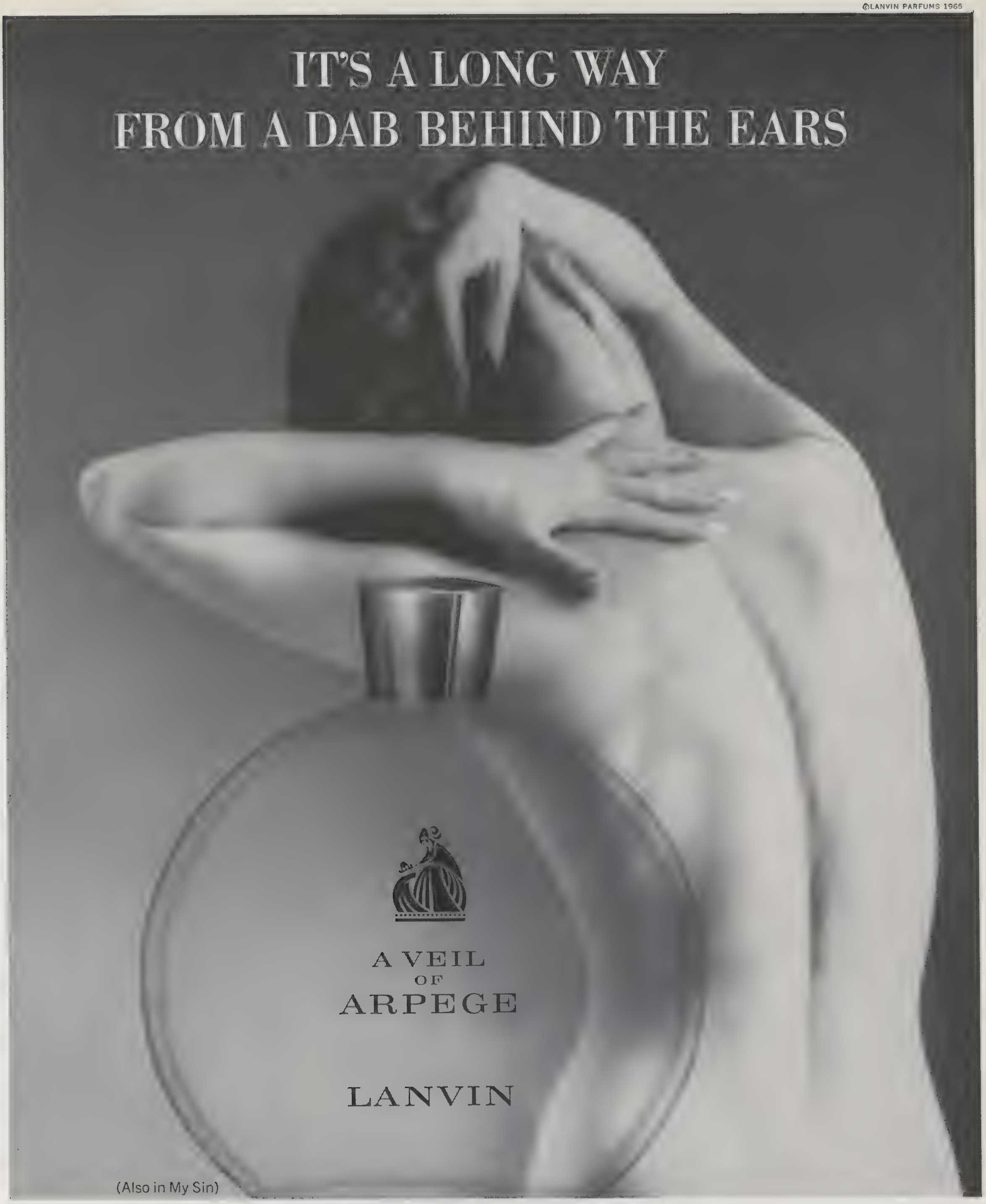
Balm

Just as the current hit flick, *Darling,* crept up on the scene and walked away with it, there are, in cosmetics, quiet little goodies that turn out to be irresistible successes. Someone tells someone—and this channel, as yet unlicensed by the FCC, turns out to beam itself all over the country. Cosmetic that brings this to mind is a small item from the Beauty Counselors house-to-housers. Name of item is Soothing Cream. Medicated (with hexachlorophene) and meant to cool on contact (that's menthol, rushing in there to fan the fans), Soothing has built up a following that's on the family wave-length—everyone in the household likes it for whatever annoyance comes along in the form of windburn, sunburn, certain rashes, especially after-shave. They also like it for chapped lips and things that fly: sand flies, for instance, as well as the foot that's grown half-a-shoe-size after a long transaltantic flight. Soothing has been around since forever; since the beginning of Beauty Counselors' time. Lately, and perhaps forever, the dispenser: a stand-up tube. . . .

Perfume: the save-by-spending policy

The biggest seller in perfume is the smallest size of perfume. That's news to no one, it seems to us. And certainly the little quarter-ounce or eighth-of-an-ounce dollop is a convenient thing to have around in a handbag. . . . This truth will not prevent us, however, from continuing a continuing campaign, which is in essence to point out to women that the small bottle actually is the expensive one. The higher the ounceage per bottle, the less one pays for each ounce. (Ask for the price lists of the scent you like, and see if we're whistling Dixie.) So it's of some interest to us to hear that Cabochard, that great scent by Grès, is now being issued in a bottle that contains a newly generous number of ounces—four ounces to be precise. And this new amount is said to result from requests for same by habitual Cabochard users. . . . The woman who buys perfume in sparing quantities and uses it sparingly really is, in the school of economics which we attend, using her perfume extravagantly. Without making any character studies, we have also observed this: often the very perfume-conscious woman is also good-investment conscious. In stocks, bonds, clothes, cars, scent—the lot. . . .

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(Dec. 22–Jan. 20)
You are fragile and feminine. Be so completely.

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(Jan. 21–Feb. 19)
Now is not the time for doubt. Have confidence.

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This is the day that can fulfill all of your dreams.

ARIES
(March 21–April 20)
Act daringly on this day, to be lovely.

TAURUS
(April 21–May 21)
The day is here to try the new.

GEMINI
(May 22–June 21)
Be alert to your beauty. Do not dare to ignore it.

CANCER
(June 22–July 23)
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Beauty can be yours if you choose well.

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(Sept. 24–Oct. 23)
Prepare now to achieve a new beautiful you.

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(Oct. 24–Nov. 22)
Important this day. Overlook no detail for newer beauty.

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she posed for,
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who stared brazenly as she sauntered up and down the seven hills.

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The asymmetric shoulder bag and a tiger in the rain

Everything coming up black and white



Smashing shoulder bag of white embossed kidskin with black patent leather trim—deep and roomy inside . . . asymmetric closing flap angled away from an extra zippered pocket outside. By Coblentz. About $40. Saks Fifth Avenue. Swirls in the background—a marvellous Op-Arty umbrella striped like black-and-white tiger skin . . . dashing way to make an impression in the rain with legs to match: one black, one white. Nylon umbrella by Polan Katz. $7. Bloomingdale's.

Enjoy

THE BEAUTIFUL MEAL

Lamb Rib Kebabs

(see opposite page)

in your favorite restaurant

Lamb kebabs, crown roast, rack or leg—tender, flavorful lamb makes the meal "beautiful".

America's fine restaurateurs know it and take a special pride in the lamb entrées they feature on their menus. Served with slow-aged Chateau Martin Champagne on a table aglow with pale gold Colorado Carnations®, a dinner starring lamb becomes a feast for the eyes as well as for the palate.

Table setting on opposite page by Georg Jensen, Inc.

For an adventure in gourmet dining, order lamb when YOU dine out.

October is National Restaurant Month, an invitation to you and your family to enjoy, now and often, the hospitality of America's fine restaurants.

For information, write:

AMERICAN Lamb COUNCIL

Dept. LFS-565, 520 Railway Exchange Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.





Lamb Going Golden . . .

in the Chateau Martin Champagne Life . . .

Served with a Sunburst

of Colorado Carnations

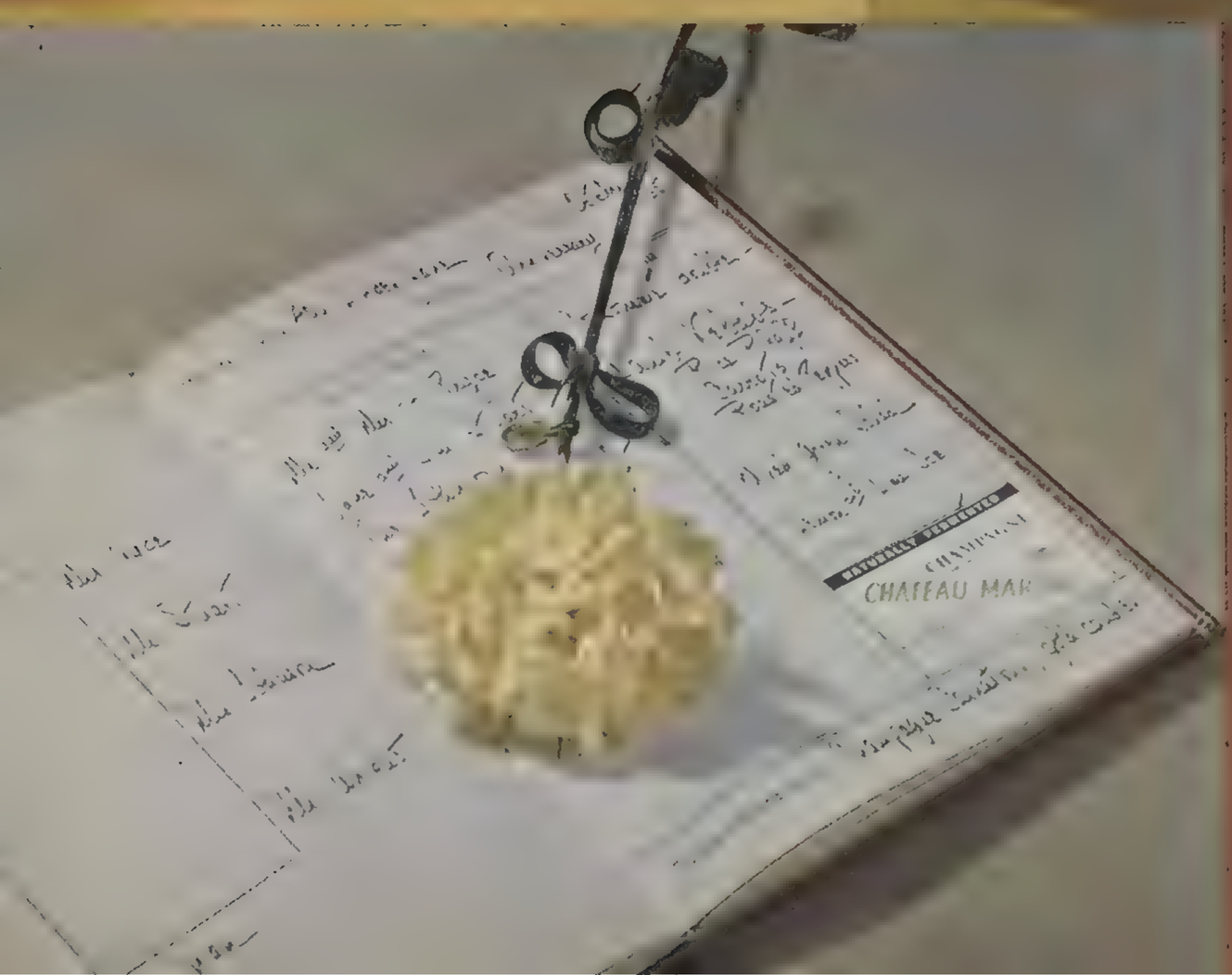
The meal that appeals to the eye as vividly as to the palate . . . Chateau Martin, the famous New York State champagne, to add glisten to the table as well as to the taste. Gourmet ingredient: all Chateau Martin wines are slow-aged in 100-year-old casks . . . are beautifully priced.

The tastefulness of lamb—succulent 3-rib kebabs in a golden sizzle, to serve as the new lamb luxury. Skewered here with appealing contrasts of green and gold, lamb gets the full gourmet treatment with a wine marinade and subtle seasonings . . . is then crisped to a tender turn

Flowering of pale gold—Colorado Carnations® for a centerpiece and hall decoration that are delicious to the eye . . . a scent that springs from the mile-high Rockies where carnations thrive on mountain air and melting snow, for the Colorado Flower Growers Association.

THE BEAUTIFUL MEAL







VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

JACK ROBINSON



Vogue New York—Here come Susan and Joel, bosses of the most gear boutique yet. Paraphernalia is closest to those in London, filled with the free, easy, daring experimental stuff designed by top young talents in New York, London, Paris. . . . Adorable salesgirls; open odd hours (one night a month from 12:01 to 2:00 A.M.). Susan Burden, Directrice, wearing above, oyster Melton suit, $100. De-



signed by Cary-Grant-good looking American, Joel Schumacher. More Schumachers above. Grey flannel knickers, orange turtleneck, navy Melton shirt, orange jersey quilted hood. $100. Floppy silk shirt, mocha polka dots on cream; with wool plaid skirt, stole, same colourings. $65.



There go Sonny and Cher, top pop recording team; long-haired, souped-up, stylishly, uninhibitedly dressed. ("This," Sonny said, "is about as far out as you can go.") Now copies of some of the Sonny and Cher threads at Paraphernalia. Sonny's Byronic bandana shirt; $25. Several versions of Cher's skinny fit-and-flare bell-bottoms from $15. . . . Also at Paraphernalia: Mary Quant's super cloth coats, around $75; her zippy fur designs in everything from fitch to some unknown breeds, $250 up; fifty different, wonderfully wilted James Wedge hats starting at $4; Sally Jess's soft pouch bags in suède, wool, patent—centred with bull's-eye appliqué. From $8. Moya Bowler's have-to-be-seen-to-be-believed shoes from $15; Tuffin & Foale's celebrated cut of pipe-stemmed pants; from $15. . . . Paraphernalia is at 795 Madison Avenue. . . . No question about it ***bell-bottoms are booming and bellowing.*** In cat-soft black cotton velours, $25. A matching cowl-necked, extra long pull, $16. Imported by Eve. At Pot Pourri Boutique, Main floor, Altman's. . . . Bell-bottoms in blue-jean denim, patch-pocketed, laced in back; $4.50. The Shed House, 184 W. 4th Street. . . . Wear the denim bell-bottoms in the country with a beige lamb's-wool sweater buttoned on the shoulder like a baby's; a knock-about felt hat, creamy colour; camel-and-blue tweedy knit tights; Gucci moccasins and handbag. . . . ***Knock-about felts*** in shrieking parrot colours, red, yellow, green—copied from the Maine woodsman's hat. $4.95. Brett, 251 East 57th Street. . . . ***In from the coast***—some of the clothes Cappi designs for her Los Angeles boutique, The General Store. For instance; plum twill suit, narrow fencer's jacket, flaring skirt; $225. At Robert Leader, 146 East 54th Street. . . . ***In from Italy.*** Boots inspired by you-know-who in Paris. White, beige, or all-brown suède—nice thick chunky heel—closed, nipped-round toe, decorative bows. $14.99. 3rd floor, Ohrbach's. . . . ***Pauline Borghese would have loved it.*** Little suit from France; inspired by antique military uniform. Long jacket nipped in rather Empire, decorated with brass buttons up and down, on the pockets, on the flaring cuffs. In wool twill the colour of a cinnamon stick. $125. 3rd floor, Altman's. . . . ***The Q. of E.'s Guardsmen's overcoat.*** Its flaring fit, no-nonsense set-in sleeves, smartly flapping back panel pleat, back belt buttoned in brass, adapted for women. Can be specially ordered in many colours of suède. Handsome in navy. 3 to 4 weeks delivery. $120. Abercrombie & Fitch, 45th St. & Madison Ave. ***Vogue Paris—The men have two of the most talked-about boutiques.*** Here, one man's report: "In Cardin's boutique, the tailoring is extraordinary. The secret is that they employ only Turkish tailors trained in England. Their slacks have a sort of paunch-holder inside. . . . Alexandre—branching out from coiffures for women—has a new men's boutique that looks like the Cairo sequence of *Lawrence of Arabia*—very Englishmen's-club, no chi-chi at all. Chairs are super comfortable in pigskin. Barbers examine the shape of the head and the face intelligently . . . it was decided that I should be made to look even more like one of Napoleon's maréchals. The woman who specializes in 'skin' was away on her holiday so I did not see her, also the Japanese gentleman that relaxes the back of one's head. So I had to leave as tense as I had come in." . . . Meanwhile . . .



Simonetta's Boutique is full of pretty girls passing a smart, Italissimo collection of knits, ski, sportswear, etc. One can order any size, with choice of material, one fitting. Prices range around $200. One of the prettiest mannequins, Simonetta's daughter Verde Visconti (above), in sleek white vinyl windbreaker, black pants, and stocking cap.

From leaf and stem
moss, bark and lichen
and roots deep in the forest earth
Guerlain created Shalimar,
the perfume of the great indoors.





greasy is a
horrid word...so
we call our new lipstick

LUMINANTE

But . . . call it glistening, call it glossy, call it Henry, the fact remains that it's gorgeously, dazzlingly, scrumptiously GREASY! It slides onto your mouth like liquid satin and stays seductively so until you choose to take it off . . . or kiss it off. It never, never runs.



The range of colors is spectacular and various . . . the case is golden, inspired by the work of modern Roman master-jewelers. Refillable, too.

SCANDIA

OCTOBER 1, 1965

VOGUE's EYE VIEW: NEW BEAUTY FOCUS— THE CLEAR BROW

Right up there. Focused on the pure curve of the forehead. Hair pulled back to bare the brow, giving the face new clarity, new candour.... With good bones and a good coiffeur, this is one of the great ways to be a beauty now; a bright flash in the good news going. Not an edict.... The biggest fashion in fashion is the individual; the way she projects her look starts with a special branch of mystique that goes on behind that brow. You'll know her when you see her—in the flesh and in the pages that follow here.



Coiffure and
three-tiered postiche
by Alexandre.
Earrings by Jean Pierre.

PENN



Allure: the Continental quoi... the American what

Does the woman of one country have certain innate gifts of attracting that differ from the talents of women conditioned in another? Everyone has always said so and it's not hard to see that the climate, the customs, the hardships, and the triumphs that create a tangible national atmosphere would even more specifically affect woman—that natural instrument for the emotions. Certainly the American Woman has largely green-eyed the Continental Woman her powerful je ne sais quoi of magnetism, often forgetting to remember that men around the world have a niche in their imaginations for *her*. But the wide sea of truth is always moving, leaving some facts intact, erasing some, turning up some, and if the European woman and the American woman are to be seen as true types not just stereos, this is a good moment in time to ask what's immutable in the picture of special attraction, what's turned around, what's totally different?

THE CONTINENTAL WOMAN

This is the woman that man imagines to be the ideal creature—beautiful and not too perfect, feminine in the sense of supporting strength not weakness, warm with a cool understanding of the human condition, gay and dignified, a woman *capable de tout*. The Frenchwoman weaves a web of immediate, exhilarating intimacy. The Spanish intensity spells banked fires ready to spread out of control. The Italians, with their Mediterranean let-go, know how to decorate life with scenes of all sizes without which life, to the Mediterranean man, would seem unbearably bare. The sunlit Scandinavians can burst into tears at a moment's notice; tristesse is sister to the smile. Trained to be natural, these women have never been demoralized by a code of stiff upper-lipness. From the time they are small they learn that emotions are meant to be shown. And they show. In these memorable faces of all ages, in the conversational eyes, the hands that can talk, in the bodies that grew up in countries where the cult of the body was considered perfectly O. K. This particular sense of self—the very reverse of self-consciousness—is a long legacy from an ancient way of life, one that the American woman, who has had to make herself up as she goes along, has not yet inherited. (Continued on page 266)

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

Who believes the Official Picture—long legs, glowing health, megatons of energy, enthusiasm, money, unstudied charm, a natural tendency to wear clothes well, a general air of new mintedness? In a way, *we* do. Who takes all the knocks seriously to heart? *We* do. In spite of the legends of the unbeatable American Girl, in spite of the golden crop of American Love Goddesses we have raised, in spite of all the spoiling we are supposed to have, the American woman is anxious about her allure. The grass seems like emeralds on the other side and it's about time for an ego boost from that direction. It's come—the American mixture bottled as perfume and sold in Europe with the slogan, "How to get your womanly way in a world of men . . ." Imagine, They are talking about Us. The scent is described as "hinting at the riches of Texas—the freedom of the great plains—the zing of New York." We haven't yet whiffed it but not to worry, it's the thought that counts, we must be doing something right. It is especially gratifying to have the message come over in perfume because this is one of the areas where the arrows have been coming from—"American women don't know how to wear perfume—American women cannot judge perfume—American women don't *understand* perfume." To see if this situation has been updated, we talked with a quiet authority on the subject, an inventor of perfume himself and a man with extraordinary perceptions about it—he views it aesthetically for style, composition, meaning, and (Continued on page 266)

Christine Curtis—all Continental allure; the wife of the American actor, Tony Curtis.

BERT STERN



THE POETIC BEAUTY OF CHRISTINE CURTIS, photographed here and on the preceding page, starts with her fame-making face, a pale oval lighted by slate-blue eyes, a poetic mouth, grippingly wistful. Includes deep brown hair that knows no season—it's waist-long, she does it, that's it. Includes a figure tiny, but completely and accurately rounded. Includes a no-compromising commitment to vegetarianism. Includes the total charm of a very young woman who knows instinctively the words and attitude that instantly enchant. Part of that charm's milieu is the movie world. As Christine Kaufmann, she embarked at seven on an acting career, went on acting until she became Mrs. Tony Curtis in 1963. Now the mother of Alexandra Curtis, she has "retired" for the moment, devoting herself to accompanying her husband on movie assignments; to employing her young flair for the offbeat in decorating their California house; to cooking up in the kitchen new ways to give vegetables verve.

BERT STERN







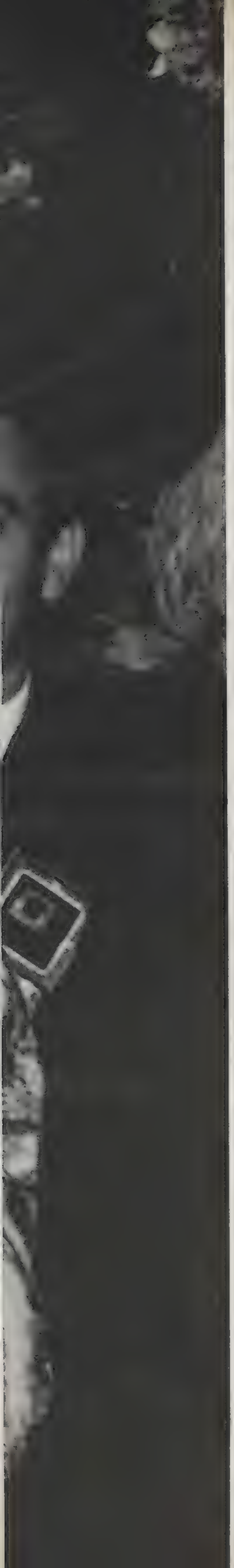
CRISTINA DE HEEREN...SPANISH COLOURING, FIRE, AND METTLE



Anne Ford, *left*, clearly belongs to 1965. Yet she has something in common with the American girls appealingly described by Edith Wharton and Henry James: candid, attractive, interested, at ease anywhere. . . . They were often travelling in Europe, and so, often, is she. Yet like them she remains unmissably American, with her pulled-together good looks, thick tawny-gold hair, bloomy skin like a Golden Russet apple. . . . She spent most of last summer cruising in the Mediterranean: Italy, France, Sardinia, Corsica. Then back to Long Island, where she does some pheasant-shooting in the autumn, whizzes in to New York for parties, pop piano-lessons, and French sessions at Berlitz. Then, in December, back to Europe: to Gstaad for the skiing. . . . Wherever she goes, she collects new records; when she is at home, something marvellous—from Greece, Italy, anywhere—is always playing in the background. *Above:* Cristina de Heeren is straight as a Spanish sword, with the same finely-tempered brightness. Sudden, charming smile . . . spirited bright-brown eyes . . . swing of blond-brown hair, lit with lighter gleams. Though her spine is blade-straight, her nose isn't; it has a strong Spanish arch that delights observers but vexes her. . . . Part Brazilian, part Spanish, part American, she was educated abroad and at Foxcroft, now studies at Columbia University in the winter, summers at Biarritz and in Spain. Her interests range vividly through politics, books, rock-and-roll, photography, flamenco. . . . She owns, and adores, a fiery Spanish horse named Cayetano; he stays in Spain, but his snapshot goes with her everywhere. . . . Her makeup plays down the remarkable nose (brown rouge at the sides).

ANNE FORD...AMERICAN BLONDNESS, CANDOUR, AND CHARM





callas

Her name lacks by chance only one letter to form the anagram of the world's most famous opera house. Even the sound is close: La Scala.

She has reigned for sixteen years over the world's stages, peerless, incomparable; her presence assumes the proportions of an event, as she passes from capital to capital raising havoc, being rejected, worshipped, extolled to the skies, execrated. She is, in a word, indestructible. Like it or not, Callas is the inspired force that has revived the art of acting in opera, and in so doing has not only restored youth and life to opera but has borne it to the highest peak of its power.

With her, opera singing ceases to be mere vocal prowess. She quickens the poetry that lies hidden within song; she reawakens the magic of the tale. All the Sleeping Beauties have been awaiting her. For fifty years, what eye did Tosca cause to shed a tear—until Callas took her in hand?

She is a Gorgon, a Medusa. And very nineteenth century. She resembles our image of Sarah Bernhardt and Duse. She was formed, one would say, in the floral style of the turn of the century; surely she has known D'Annunzio, Puccini. That craggy face belongs to some period other than ours. The large features. The wide mouth, like the mouth of some deep-sea fish. An outsize mouth designed for the devouring of life. She is one who alters very little, who is beyond affectation, beyond coquetry, even. She is the most beautiful of the ugly women of her time. This magnificent ugliness belongs to her alone; it has never been fashionable, as with Marlene Dietrich or Brigitte Bardot. The secret of this face is that it must be seen at the distance which separates orchestra from stage. Behind the dazzling fires of footlights no one is so beautiful as this ugly woman: there she shines. Her body? It is motion, motion that supports the head, the dark, dramatic voice which has led thousands of listeners to a form of art that before her they were unable to love.

To indulge in the rages, the caprices, and even in other still more serious lapses in order to become what nature made you—does this make one an *arriviste?* I think not. What is done is done out of necessity, rather like sacrifice, in a battle that has ceased to be a single-handed private combat. When one is Callas, "personal" ambition becomes a duty toward the rest of us. Her secret, I believe, is that a message was given her before her time, and she understood that she would have the power needed to bring her art, all art, to its apogee. Without hypocrisy, with the energy of a lioness, she has battled in the name of this other woman who was contained within her, the woman with whom we now confuse her—Callas.

TRANSLATED BY ADRIENNE FOULKE

BY MARGUERITE DURAS

BEAUTY *bulletin*

UP: BRILLIANCE

Up brilliance. Up delight. Up that which is glorious—and this includes exactly anything with the power to embellish life. Up trivia, when it's attractive. Up performance, when it has honest radiance. Up, in other words, with that which isn't *down;* up energy. . . . In beauty, up with the lights and up with focus—this is the veer taken by Elizabeth Arden's inventive Pablo, who got quite some brilliance rolling with his revolutionary designs for eyes last year; who now raises the wattage above the eyes for a change, and makes the bared brow the new beauty find. . . . Up giftedness; up the dancing of the great mannequin, Veruschka, one of the most naturally gifted dancers on the face of the earth. Her linguini legs, about eleven yards long to begin with, are hypnotic streamers of motion when she picks up, bonelessly, the beat of any music flung her way; she moves onlookers not to frenzy but to stunned, marvelling quiet. And, along the same lines, up the sight of John Huarte, the Jets' naturally inspired football player. . . . Up freshness; up the eye responsible for the installation of the Chinese porcelains at the Metropolitan Museum of Art—a seeing so alive, so unfusty, it dismantles every concept you may have held about how to live with delights. (Up one flight at the museum, by the way.) . . . Up opinion. Up the extremes of feeling about the quality of colour photography in the film, *The Red Desert*—even if you can't stand Monica Vitti's dreary tangle of unresolved problems, catching fifteen or twenty minutes of this film's softened colour will give you a point of view—and possibly something you won't forget for life. . . . Up the originals. Up the manner in which, exactly ten years ago, William Gaddis defined and wrapped up that whole "recent" subject of Camp with a Mickey Mouse set of characters within his immense novel, *Recognitions*—a book with both a cult and a rather special distinction; it is the most expensive paperbook ever put on Brentano's fiction list. . . . Up oddities. Up the crazily designed sailboats by Richard Carlson; they break every rule, disorganize every orthodoxy, and all they seem to do is win. . . . Up good sense. Up the strong advice and profound funniness in a new book on the happying of marriage, by the Episcopal minister, Father Robert Farrar Capon. . . . Up spellbinders. Up the ensplendouring of American education by a mind called Lawrence Cremin of Teachers College at Columbia University; he is the lathe on which other young minds will turn. . . . Up the writing, and you can't miss it in the years to come, of Romulus Linney; he can create a world you can't move out of. . . . Up Sandy Koufax's pitching arm, up Horowitz's Carnegie Hall concert record, up the endless feast presented in Tiffany's windows by Gene Moore. . . . Up discovery. Up experiment. Up every effort toward something first-class. . . . Has this anything to do with the practice of beauty? In truth it has. It's really at the heart of it. . . .

UP BRILLIANCE. With reason. Because that's where brilliance is headed as far as beauty goes. Interest is moving up—to the brow, above the brow, to the hairline, and beyond—into fascinating unheavy new heights of hair above a closely-shaped skull. More about hair, page 199. At right, how Elizabeth Arden's face designer, Pablo, gives brilliance a lift. Also established here: the matter of which lipstick to use when lights turn north. To Elizabeth Arden's eye, what's needed is lipstick colour with a quiet new hold. In a word, her new Brilliance—about which Bloomingdale's is making quite a thing.

GENE LAURENT



BEAUTY
bulletin

GENE LAURENTS

UP: BRILLIANCE. . . . THE FOREHEAD, THE HAIR, NOW DRESSED IN LIGHT

A ravishing round forehead—bared, polished, then dressed brilliantly. What a way to lift the senses; what a way to glow. The ideas here, the work of Elizabeth Arden's Pablo. (The lipstick, guessably Elizabeth Arden's lambent new shade: Brilliance.) At left, wisps of light are trained in an upstream, trail onward into up-pulled hair. Each little jewel, set separately, courtesy of Pablo's precision tweezers and the stuff that makes eyelashes adhere. Dress of coal blue wool with a bodice of coq feathers—to give shoulders one of Trigère's best send-offs. At right, a perfectly smooth round forehead turns up the lights. Brilliance above the eyes for a change. Not bad to have around for a look like this: a quantity of auburn hair.





BEAUTY *bulletin*

There is fashion-show hair. And there is *hair* hair. The first of these is show business. The second is life—a matter of living with. And when the two can't get together (which sometimes they can't), there's a gap that puts a woman squarely in the middle; a gap from which any exit she takes is one which she suspects is cowardly. . . . This year, no gap. This year, despite the heights to which hairdressers have gone to make the Paris Collections' hair something extraordinaire (and despite the occasionally stunned publicity accorded some of the spatial voids atop some heads), it does look as though a meeting of minds isn't at all unthinkable. It may even be achieved in record time. . . . To begin with, change is wanted. And, also to begin with, the direction change is taking is really one-way. Because no matter what else may go on—on the head, or directly at the back of it, or in a few cases swinging along at the side of it—there is a new liking for a neatened skull. A revealed skull. . . . This skull is to hair exactly what the body is to clothes: it's basic. It is the basic form—sensed, respected, ornamented in one way or another, improved upon when improvement of shape is called for. It is present as the thing about which any hairdressing must revolve. And that's the way it is. At last. . . . "Then what," you might ask, "is that famous blonde-about-fashion doing with that equally famous huge tangle of hair of hers? Hasn't she heard?" . . . Or, "What about those mannequins with Charles-the-Second spaniel hair?" Hush, hush, Sweet Charlotte. Each (Continued on next page)





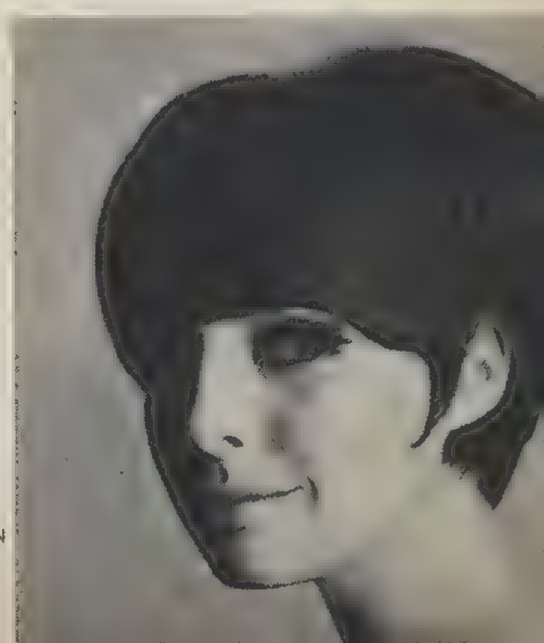


SMALL-SKULLED HAIR, THREE APPROACHES, all three designed by Alexandre. At top, a coiffure known to the confines of the Studio Varenne (where Penn recorded this year's Paris Collections for Vogue), as the "Geo. Washington Givenchy." One of the peruke ideas plotted for the Givenchy collection, this interpretation is neat, small, with loops of braid tucked narrowly into the nape. Centre, butterfly in spirit, the skull revealed. A few wings of lacquered hair opened for flight. Right, the Alexandre cut of which Audrey Hepburn's current coiffure is also one version. This, deep in the bangs that abide in Paris. Flickers of sideburn.

COLOUR FOR THE RECORD. Tint of Pink, a lipstick that's one of the two newest shades issued in Max Factor's UltraLucent formula—pink frosted with beige. Silk twill scarfs made especially for Vogue, in a weight and washableness believed by some minds to be something that could come only from France. Not so. These, by Sally Gee, $10 each. Saks Fifth Avenue. In her hair, a Sheffield watch, red faced. Watch, Best & Co.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

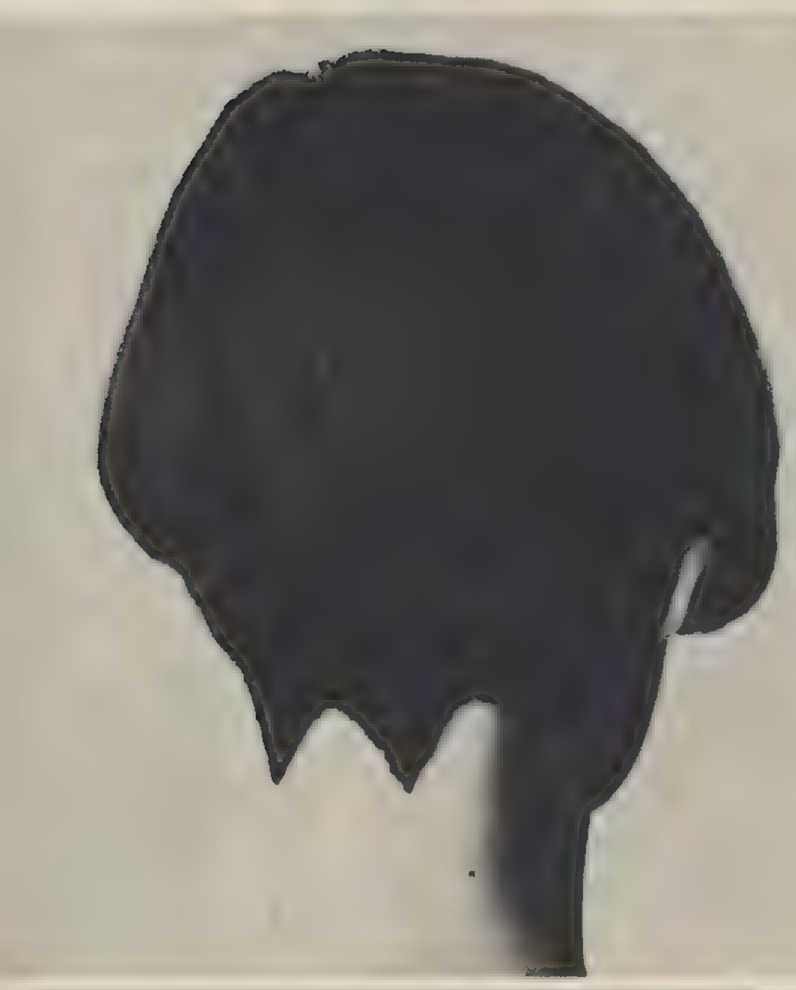
PENN





BEAUTY bulletin

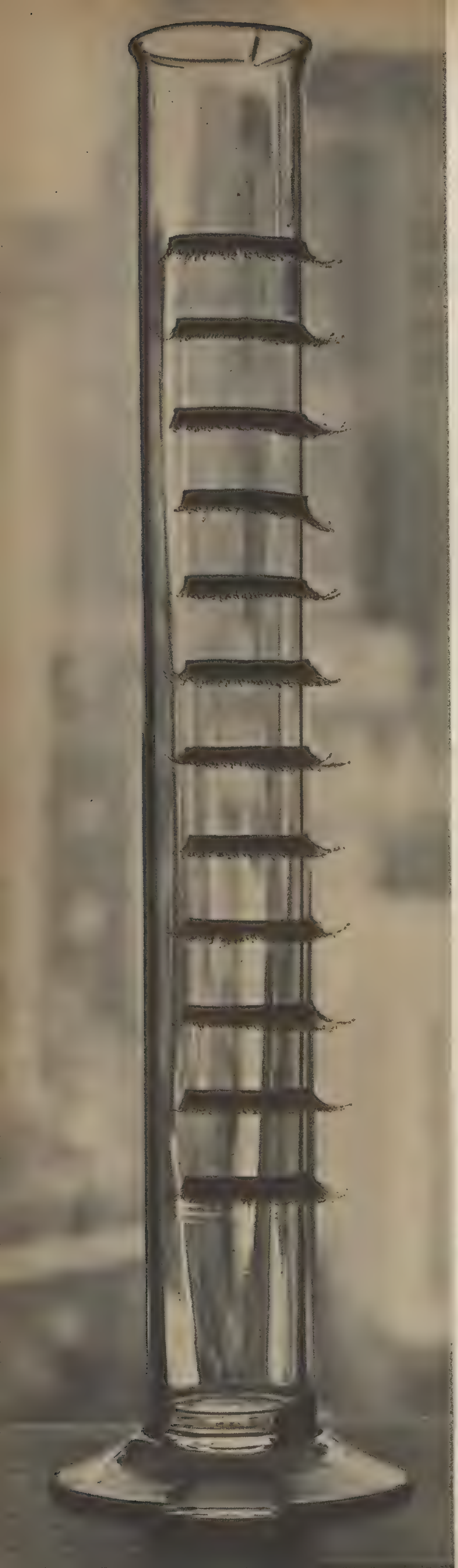
(Continued from preceding page) one of these creatures is expressing a form of fashion freedom. Its name is individuality. So if lion's hair makes a face more adorably pussycat than not, if a lot of loose hair is good in the context of a given face, that's the business of the individual. We'd be the last to argue in favour of having her lose her looks. . . . Now: about the neatened head and the newly revealed skull, there's a fair amount to be said because there's extraordinary variety, and two distinct approaches. One is the approach of Alexandre and his crew. Appointed by many of the great couturiers to do the coiffures for their otherwise competitive shows, Alexandre has demonstrated, in collection after collection—Dior, Saint Laurent, Givenchy to name three—the great variety and charm possible within the framework of the neatened head. And watching this head flower at his hands is a privilege. . . . He begins by pinning every blade of hair back tightly. So tightly that the face is given an instant facelift. His hairpins, drawing the hair back in a way we could only call *brutalement*, are the equivalent of seamless surgery. Even the most tired face, given this treatment, suddenly looks as though some marvellous masque had just been applied. One reason this observation hit home to us: all photography of clothes from the new Paris Collections must take place at night when the couturiers' doors are closed and there is no need for the precious, one-of-a-kind samples until doors are reopened in the morning. Thus, photography hours—roughly from six at night until three (Continued next page)



PENN

POINTS: MADE BY VIDAL SASSOON. Clinging to his basic theory ("Hair must be easy to live with, it must move well"), Vidal Sassoon got up a whole new head of steam when he cut the hair (well, wigged the heads) of the Ungaro mannequins in Paris recently, and found most of young Paris at his knees. This triumph: also very nice for Charles of the Ritz, his New York salon sponsors. RUBIES OF A CERTAIN RICHNESS. Richness of lipstick formula was the real idea behind four new lipsticks. And having hit upon it, the house of Helena Rubinstein went on from there. Cited: their reddest shade, Melted Rubies. But who could resist a look at the deeply rosy shade named Rose Royce? We'd show it, but we haven't unfortunately a Rolls-Royce melting device at hand.

HERBERT MATTER



BEAUTY *bulletin*

(Continued from preceding page) or four in the morning—are hours when any face likes a lift; and taut hairpinning does just that. . . . When the skull is tight as a cork, Alexandre lays on the charm. Lacquered fastenings of hair are pinned on. Pinned up (into stiffened fountains). Or back (into a sheet-like fall of hair like that of a porcelain Ming princess). Or pinned up and down around to one side and fastened with asymmetrical bows. But among Alexandre's newest additions is the look you see at right—a piece of hair made to fall from the very back of the head, with the squared blunt cut of a Mexican burro's tail. The coiffure at right is a two-tiered tail. But take a look at the bluntness. This is new, very new, and it can make any cut of hair look new—straight, long Joan Baez hair, or George Washington's peruke. . . . Some of Alexandre's postiches are outlines only. Thin length of hair outlining a butterfly's silhouette, or a loop's loop—but the outer rim only is described; there's nothing bulky inside, no filling, no feeling of weight. . . . This lightness, this cleanness, working against a basic smallness of head, is the Alexandre lesson for the class this year. . . . The other approach of the moment is, of course, that of Vidal Sassoon. Hair cut thick, as always. Dense at the crown, as always. With more tailoring at the nape than ever. But the real Sassoon news is that his look has just hit Paris in a big way. Suddenly his cut is all over the place; all the racy young girls adore it. "Sassoon has affected all the hairdressers in Paris," said one astute observer. And because Parisiennes wear it ideally, with great femininity—it's *go* all over again. . . . Go? And then some. Sassoon's wigs, made ready months before the Ungaro collection (which he coiffed) was shown, spent their evenings being rushed around Paris by taxi and by messengers on motor bikes. There wasn't a mannequin who didn't want to try them on; not a publication that didn't want to take their pictures. Not a bad way to try on a drastic cut, by the way; try it as a wig-shape first. . . .

EYES BUILDING UP TO SOMETHING

All this photograph means to say is that Germaine Monteil is dressing eyes as though she'd invented them. She's tipping eyelashes (in golds, silvers, blues, mauves . . . that build the lashes' length as well as glamour). She's "setting" them (with eye shadows new on the scene). Most subtle, most remarkable of the new shadings by this house: a cake eyeliner called Ochre. See it here; try its matching shadow in sockets.



THE BLUNT-CUT BURRO'S TAIL BY ALEXANDRE—MOST IMPORTANT SINGLE HAIR-DETAIL OUT OF PARIS. It isn't just the charm that counts here. Isn't merely the deftness with which this double-tiered postiche is handled. What is bigtime, besides the smallness of the head (which is basic), is this detail: the sawed-straight hem of the hair. No matter how a woman wears her hair, straight-across uncurly ends are something that could make her feel new. This Alexandre coiffure, reconstructed by his gifted cast; by Roger, Gil, and the other superb hairdressers whom Alexandre lent to Vogue to coif our Paris Collections report. One member of the crew, incidentally, is a recent holder of one of France's amateur championships in wrestling and boxing. We begged him—and an exuberant chum who'd dropped by the studio for a workout—to quit sparring long enough to pin up for our camera this head. Pinning up hair—surprisingly—takes *strength*.

HERBERT MATTER

PENN





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The barometrics of elections, TV ratings, and the World Series, all rising now. . . . The conundrums of *Alphaville,* Jean-Luc Godard's science-fiction movie about an inhuman city of the future (which is also Paris) where dictionaries instead of Bibles are standard in hotel rooms and the besetting sin is "simply an overruling desire to plan." . . . The men whose secret little custom tailor is Sears Roebuck. . . . Larry Rivers's thirty-foot-long mural painting-construction, "The History of the Russian Revolution," in his retrospective at New York's Jewish Museum. . . . In France, Françoise Sagan's new novel, *La Chamade,* perhaps her best, about a woman of thirty who takes security over mad young love; her title tells all: "la chamade" was the roll of drums when a besieged city fell.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Diads," the up word for boy-and-girl. . . . Rex Harrison, bristling and appealing as Pope Julius II in the film *The Agony and the Ecstasy.* . . . In New York, the witty slants and sharpened colours in Feliks Topolski's new murals in the St. Regis Maisonette. . . . *Yes I Can,* the "I" book of Sammy Davis, junior, in which the literary process seems to have been to paste up words and phrases from fan magazines; the powerful fascination of stunning personal history occasionally beats through the prose.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The awesome possibilities of three-dimensional photographs and movies made by laser beams. These pioneer pictures are looked at through their own films—dark-grey plates, regularly patterned with dots and about a foot square. Images appear in red light and in full depth so that a viewer may, for instance, reach around the film and fit his hand to a wine glass made only of light. In laser movies, produced first at Stanford University, the newest spectacular: a few seconds of film of two rotating toy ballet dancers, made, like animated cartoons, from a series of still photographs. These have to be still—the laser is so sensitive to motion that humans, so far, can not be photographed: their pulsebeats ruin the film.

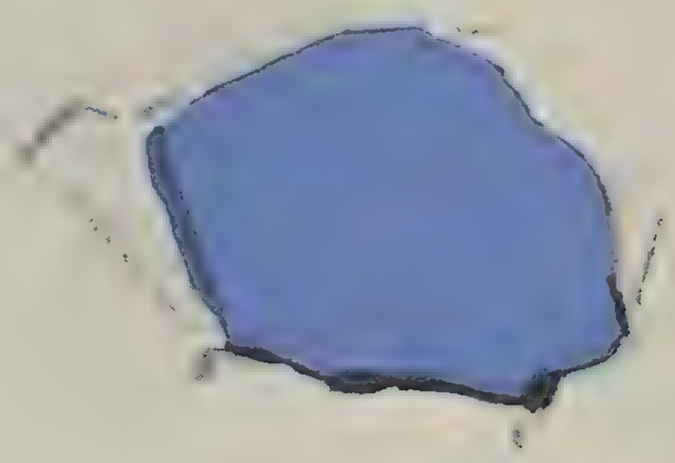
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The pounding songs of Sonny and Cher, young, married, Californian, long-haired, and dressed, in pants, by the same dressmakers. . . . In Paris, the blows of beauty in the exhibition of French paintings from Russian museums which went first to Bordeaux because Bordeaux's handsome mayor, Jacques Chaban-Delmas, in Russia officially as President of the French National Assembly, charmed them away for his city. . . . The film, *An Evening with the Royal Ballet,* photographed with a stuporous want of imagination, but spurted into splendour from time to time by the dancing of Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

HERBERT BLAU AND JULES IRVING: MISSION TO LINCOLN CENTER

Two serious men who wrap purpose in Baggies of good humour, Herbert Blau, *opposite, seated,* and Jules Irving, *standing,* have one of the most tempting and trying jobs in the theatre world. As producers and directors they must *make* the new Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—make the company, the repertory, the intent, the impact. Only the building in which they work, the new Vivian Beaumont Theater, is pre-ordained. October twenty-first on a stage (photographed here) with two turntables, automatically switchable stage and seating arrangements, and an electronic lighting system that works like a computer with punched cue cards, Mr. Blau and Mr. Irving will open season with Georg Buechner's *Danton's Death.* Possibly, they may open season on themselves. There hangs about them the hush of crusaders before battle. They speak alternately and quietly, with the remote kindness of doctors or ministers. They know their calling: it calls for arms. Mr. Irving, who is tallish and has a ruddy cherubic face, iron curls, and a curved pipe, and Mr. Blau, who is shortish, and has a long sallow face and a bluff of Marx Brothers mannerisms to mask his erudition, met at New York University; each taught at San Francisco State College; each produces, each directs. In addition, Mr. Blau writes; Mr. Irving acts. In 1952 they founded The San Francisco Actor's Workshop and, over a dozen years, shaped it into a rare, bold and imaginative company without "stars, fanfare, real estate, and capital." Stars disinterest Mr. Blau and Mr. Irving. Now, at Lincoln Center, fanfare, real estate, and capital come built into the superbly equipped theatre designed by Eero Saarinen and Jo Mielziner, as does implicit drama: bronze-brown metal ceiling and flanged walls hush light and sound around a bullfight-red arena of seats. Collaborators for years, Mr. Blau and Mr. Irving say mildly of each other, "He's an expendable burden." The glue that holds them is a view of Theatre—a view so complex and controversial that it filled Mr. Blau's 309-page book, *The Impossible Theater: A Manifesto,* which begins, "The purpose of this book is to talk up a revolution," and ends, "Axiom for all of us: 'Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.' "

GENE LAURENTS





THE GRAND MANNER OF MOTHERWELL

BY FRANK O'HARA

When a major artist has a major retrospective and he is an American and it is in an American museum—as in this instance of Robert Motherwell now at New York's Museum of Modern Art—all sorts of harrowing excitements occur which involve all concerned. For the artist it is the temporary summation of his achievement thus far, an exposure which no sensible person should want and many artists don't want. Who would demand it of the other arts—the more or less full range of sensibility in two hours of attention, let's say, from a composer, a poet, a novelist, an actor or playwright, a great diva? Each has a relatively vast temporal area to prove and reprove, correct or reassert the grandeur of the vision. But painters and sculptors are expected to be able to affirm, by the simple method of collection and installation, the verity and importance of their preoccupations, instantaneously and simultaneously.

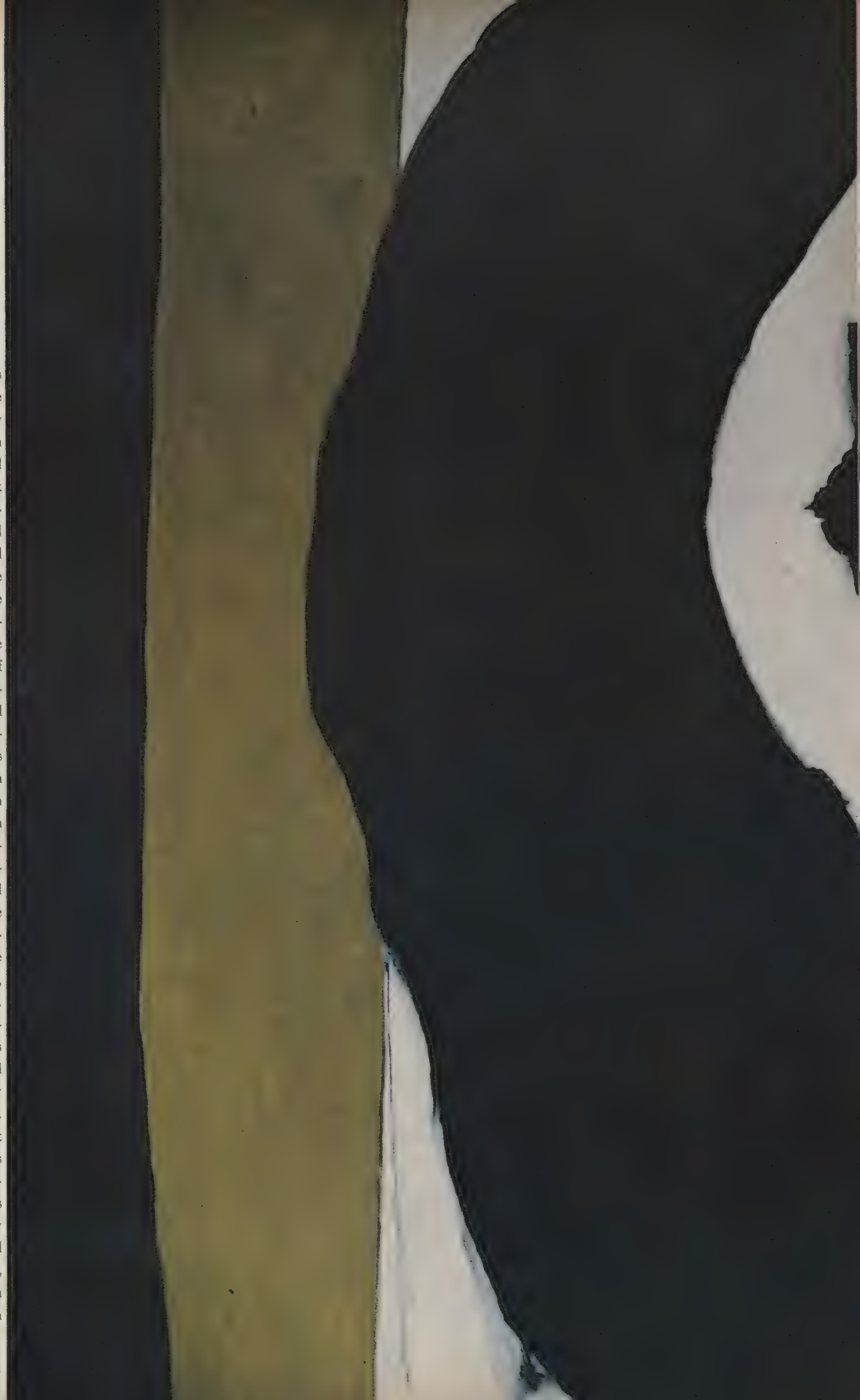
This is right, ultimately, because their arts do not use time as a duration; they use it as conception. We love the "long time" look of Rembrandt and Vermeer as we love the languorous ease of a cabaletta in Bellini or Verdi, and we love the quickness of the whiplashes and drastic lines of Pollock and Motherwell as we love the speed of transition of motive and musical thought in Stravinsky and Webern. But these are not identifications, they are correspondences. In painting and sculpture we perceive fast or slow time as a frontal onslaught, not a cumulative experience.

Robert Motherwell's work is a frontal experience par excellence. His insistence has been on the painting as "wall"—flat surface, two dimensional, no illusionism. Whether measured five by ten inches or eight by twenty feet, his work, like that of Franz Kline, is concerned with a frontal assault on the view of significant two-dimensional forms. Where much twentieth-century art naïvely assumes that to *project* another dimension is something extraordinary, here we find the clarification of means between painting and sculpture, the extreme decision on which properties belong to which. Beside this, Op Art becomes merely *trompe l'oeil*, the old fakir's trick, about as convincing as Dali's recent conception of the discovery of America. (What has come out of *trompe l'oeil*, for example, the early Dali in one way and Joseph Cornell's wonderful work in another, is of course something else.) But in every way the great truth must begin with the simple truth: that painting is made with paint and canvas, that poetry is made with words. The irritating thing about Philistine criticism is that sometimes it's right: some Assemblagists can not draw: some Pop Artists can only render what someone else has designed. There's nothing wrong with this as long as the result is a work of art, but it does not ensure a long career of delight, but rather one of repetition of what one can do. (This goes for several expert realists as well—how many melancholy ladies do you want to see having the eternal breakfast? And now that photography has zoomed in, how many repetitious forms of your least favourite actress, or even most favourite, do you want to contemplate?)

But to get back to the harrowing aspect of a retrospective in another sense, the curator's, my own: nobody who hasn't done a selection has any idea of how anxiety-making it is. You make your preferences known to the artist, and in this case a very grand, generous, open-minded one. He says he is satisfied, or more so, with the works you are including. And immediately your mind is flooded with mentions by critics of other works which are superlatively important to the representation. And you think of the walls. You think of the walls here and in Europe and what they can show and what you must *not* put in for the sake of the other works, and of the exact painting you have decided to exclude because you think another is more important—and then you have the appalling realization that the thought-word you used was "think"! Help! Are you sure? With a major artist it is very difficult to be sure between two important paintings, and suddenly you wish you were doing a show of the Pont Aven school or the Barbizons or the Surrealists, because to no single artist would you be responsible if someone wouldn't lend a key work, or if your judgment went astray. But one-man shows are what you want to see, what you want to do, and this is the artist you want to present: so you jump, knowing full well that in Europe retrospectives of living artists abound, but here until very recently they were very rare, and that you have put your head in the noose of your admiration for this artist, and if the show doesn't say what you want it to say, it is nobody's fault but your own.

Motherwell is tough, sassy, and, yes, elegant, as a painter. Where a noble motif appears, as in the first "Spanish Elegies," he will pursue it and nag it for fifteen years, proving that tragedy, disillusion, and diffidence are our daily inevitable fare, and thus producing some of the great paintings by an American. Similarly with the collages: his imitators get the glamour, but they miss the physical tearingness and destruction beyond technical need, the sparseness and cynicism which is more powerful than mere simplicity. He always seems to be wryly reflecting that to do less is more, and getting no satisfaction (Continued on page 263)

A MOTHERWELL COLLAGE, "IN WHITE WITH TWO TORN BLUE HOLES," 1964. 30"x22"



MOTHERWELL WITH HIS "WALL PAINTING NO. 10," 1965. ACRYLIC ON CANVAS. 6'x9'

The stern, noble abstractions of Robert Motherwell are now in an exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. There over one hundred of his works chosen by Frank O'Hara, the museum's Associate Curator of Painting and Sculpture Exhibitions and author of the article on the preceding page, show the curve of Motherwell's development since 1941. At the adventurous gallery, Art of This Century, owned by Peggy Guggenheim, Motherwell had his first one-man exhibition in 1944. Since then his life has been spotted with place-names. He was born in Aberdeen, Washington, in 1915, grew up in San Francisco, graduated from Stanford University in 1937, and then studied further at the universities of Harvard, Columbia, and Grenoble. He taught at Black Mountain, Oberlin, and Hunter colleges. He edited the series, *Documents of Modern Art.* His paintings have been seen all over Europe and in a variety of museums here and abroad. He takes a sensuous delight in working with paper for his collages. To a television interviewer he said: "There is nothing mysterious about any artist's values if one's mind and heart are sympathetic, clear, and unprejudiced, a condition less common than one might suppose."

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN







THE SWEET SUCCESS

SILK AT NIGHT

Silks . . . shining, shimmering, flattering, splashed with allure. The next evenings—and the next pages—filled with the charms of silk. For galas, for small parties. For sweet success. For pure lure. Silk at home, in pantaloons, opposite, of pink moire—short, puffed, amusing with a white silk crêpe blouse. By Donald Brooks, of William Rose silk moire. Fake ruby and pearl ring by Jack Gilbert. Apex Art necklaces. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at Sakowitz. Chopines by Evins. Jewelled cap: Mr. John. Cloqué theatre suit, left, in the pink of an early sunset—with all its highlights of glimmer and shadow. The belt, high and taut; a dirndl skirt. By Larry Aldrich, of silk and Du Pont nylon (Jeri fabric); about $235. Schreiner hairpin. Both, at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Woodward & Lothrop; Montaldo's. Robert Originals bracelets; at Bloomingdale's. I. Miller shoes. Both pages: Solar silvery metallic stockings; coiffures by Michel Kazan. All the backgrounds here—blown-up details from silk scarf designs by Ken Scott, painted on Plexiglas screens. For more about these on page 270.

SWEET SUCCESS... BRIGHT SILK... PALE SILK



Jade silk chiffon, this page, drifting in soft rippled streams from a strapless little cross-current of curving folds. A beaded bolero falls against the shoulders, glitters. By Malcolm Starr, of Stern & Stern fabric. Rhinestone earrings by Apex Art. Both at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Rich's; Hudson's; Battelstein's. I. Miller shoes. The crisp shape of success, opposite, short, small, in palest silvery-grey wool-and-silk—to rustle contentedly under marvellous furs. (Fluttering with a sense of silkiness—the whopping butterflies.) Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson, of Staron fabric; about $145. Schreiner ring. Necklace by Freirich. Solar stockings. All: Bloomingdale's. Dress: Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Joseph Horne; I. Magnin. Ben-King minaudière. Delman shoes. Coiffures: Pierre of House of Revlon.







SWEET
SUCCESS...
THE PINKEST
SILKS...
PLAITED JEWELS

Little restaurant silk, opposite, in glowing crimson—all softness of shape from a smooth high yoke, a tied sash. Added festivity—the stacks of beads, the toss of a jewelled braid. Dress: Givenchy for Adele Simpson, of Bianchini crêpe; about $145. K.J.L. braid, to order. Joseph Warner necklace. Pyramid ring by Schreiner. All at Bloomingdale's. The dress also at: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Chinese pink silk shape, at left. A two-piece dress with buttoned overblouse, small sloping sleeves, dirndl skirt—for little dinners, theatres, wherever silk this colour may shine. With it, a ribboned braid. Dress by Geoffrey Beene, of silk crêpe by Onondaga; about $190. Joseph Warner earrings. Both at Lord & Taylor. Dress: Halle Bros.; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Rings by K.J.L.; Schreiner. Rhinestone cluster ring on both pages, by Apex Art. K.J.L. braid, to order. All at Henri Bendel. Both coiffures, these pages, by Marc Sinclaire.



SWEET
SUCCESS...

SHAWL DRESS...
ASYMMETRIC
CHIFFON
FLAMED WITH
OSTRICH

Deep purple, opposite, with a subtle rustling lustre, shaped to a short dirndl skirt that starts with a lift, above the waist. Under the sweep of shawl, a lacy beaded camisole. By Nat Kaplan, of worsted-and-silk fabric by Couleur; about $185. Bracelets by Alice Caviness. All, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; Frost Bros. Earrings by Charles Elkaim. Christian Dior stockings. Silk shoes by I. Miller, with Bernard Abrams buckles. One shoulder of ostrich, left, floating in flashes of yellow and orange on a dress of silk chiffon in layers of orange over yellow —high-waisted with a long full skirt. By Hannah Troy, of Syntex chiffon. K.J.L. earrings. Jack Gilbert ring. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. I. Miller shoes. Both coiffures, these pages: Pierre of the House of Revlon.

SWEET SUCCESS... THE SHORT BLACK SILK DRESS.. RENAISSANCE HAT



The Renaissance Ring, centre, of silk velvet, closely crushed, tilted over a velvet hood—inspired by the Medici splendour of sets and costumes in the new movie, *The Agony and The Ecstasy*. The hat, here in pale taupe, made to order by Adolfo. Hand-jewel: Miriam Haskell. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat, also Neiman-Marcus. Braided hairpiece by Reid-Meredith. Black, for shining, left. Silk satin dress with a small strapless top, soft gathers under the bosom that fall to a short hem. By Trigère at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. The giant sparkler: an Apex Art ring. Black, for a big white bow, far right. Deep, widened V-neck, a skirt short and puffed, an enormous white bow tied high at the waist. By Oleg Cassini, of worsted-and-silk (Onondaga fabric); about $125. Apex Art bracelets. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Gus Mayer. On both pages: Christian Dior stockings; Evins shoes; coiffures by Marc Sinclaire; jewelled braids plaited by Kenneth Lane.



VOGUE PATTERN 6628

SWEET
SUCCESS...

ALMOND GREEN
SILK...
ASYMMETRIC TOGA

Palest almond green, far left: charming little dinner dress with a two-piece look . . . sleeveless bodice curved in an inverted V over a lightly shaped skirt, tied flat at the back like an obi. Vogue Pattern 6628, of Onondaga silk shantung taffeta. Pearly wheels at the ears, by Castlecliff. Fabric and earrings: Bloomingdale's. Shoes by Delman: Bergdorf Goodman.

Asymmetric toga, almond green, near left: silk crêpe toga falling gracefully over a slender stem of under-dress, slanted upward at the hem . . . caught with a tassel of bogus pearls on one shoulder. Vogue Pattern 6596, of Onondaga silk crêpe. Fabric at Altman's. Pin by Anne. Earrings by Arpad. Shoes by Andrew Geller. On both pages: coiffures by Marc Sinclaire. Other views, yardages, page 146.

VOGUE PATTERNS

GORDON PARKS

VOGUE·PATTERN 6596

THE ITALIANS

AUTUMN COLLECTIONS— SPIRITED...BEAUTIFULLY TAILORED...WITH A FLASH OF FLAMBOYANCE

Beaming in from Italy now: the joyous balance of clean slopes of tailoring, and flares of fantasy...spiralled shapes...feathers everywhere.

SPOT-CHECK—THE MARVELLOUS CONTRAST of a leopard poncho, left, wrapped the simplest way and belted over spot-size checks in grey and beige that make a dress, hat, hood. By Barocco, of Gandini fabric.

A YOKE, A FLARE, a breezy trapezoidal fling of sand-coloured wool in a coat, right, with a crisp little collar, a hat tied close under the chin. By Fabiani, of Nattier fabric; at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

HENRY CLARKE



THE ITALIANS

The spirals of Galitzine — a rippling new destiny for bias-cut clothes — here in the slanted slashes of a bias suit, a bias coat.

SPIRAL STAR of the Galitzine collection — a white wool suit, right, with slot-seamed spirals flowing down the jacket and dirndl skirt. Suit of Nattier fabric; at I. Magnin. Black and white mink beret, by Canessa.

PIN-CHECKS SPIRALLED, opposite. Galitzine's coat of grey miniature checks, entirely bias, with the spiral slant of two slash pockets. Coat of Gandini fabric. I. Magnin. Pin-checked hat by Canessa.

The makeup plan, and coiffures, by Vergottini of Milan.



HENRY CLARKE



THE ITALIANS

CRÊPE—THREE DIMENSIONS, this page. A long columnar dress of brown crêpe, two detachable crêpe panels—one black, one white—with deep sweeping sleeves. The look—worn with both panels, with one, or with none—is great, great, great. The sleeper: a live cheetah. Costume by Forquet.

CRÊPE, FEATHERS, in a spectacular flare of red, opposite. The crêpe dress—shoulders bared, slit to an Empire waist, a liquid flow of bias shape; the coat covered in plumes and beaded embroidery. Costume by Valentino. Fabric by Forneris. Dress: Macy's Little Shop. Both pages: jewels by Petochi; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina; coiffures by Vergottini of Milan. Background: the palazzo of the Contessa Volpi di Misurata.

HENRY CLARKE



THE ITALIANS

THE FEATHER FLASH, now lighting Italy, as well as Paris, with marvellous plumage . . . curly and drifting, clipped and eyelash-short, or sinuously gleaming—as here—in a long feather-fantasy coat of deep-green coq feathers. (In its future: Catherine Spaak who plans to wear it to her next movie première.) By Forquet. Jewels by Petochi.

CURLS OF OSTRICH, opposite, floating on a tunic of peacock-blue Paisley silk, worn over black chiffon pyjamas with pleated pants. By Valentino, fabric by Eposomstyle. Coiffure by Vergottini of Milan. Both costumes photographed in the palazzo of Contessa Volpi di Misurata.



HENRY CLARKE



Daliah Lavi ... the small ermine coat... a blaze of jewels

Daliah Lavi, the extravagantly beautiful young Israeli actress, in white ermine, a blaze of jewels. . . . All, appropriate to her new movie rôle: a dazzling lady spy in *The Silencers*, with Dean Martin. Its surefire formula: suspense, sex, a dash of spoofing. *Left:* Smallest coat, most luxurious fur . . . white Canadian ermine worked in soft horizontal rows, buttoned at one side. Little round collar; ermine buttons, each centred with a rhinestone. Made to order at Maximilian. Earrings by Van Cleef & Arpels. *Right:* Around Miss Lavi's neck—which is like the "tower of ivory" praised in the Song of Solomon—and on her wrist and hand, a splendour of jewels. Necklaces and bracelets of gold, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires, enormous round corals, turquoises; one necklace has amethysts the size of bird's eggs. . . . Ring of gold and diamonds, set with an immense carved emerald. All, by Van Cleef & Arpels. Both coiffures by Marc Sinclaire.

BERT STERN







EVENINGS IN THE AMERICAN CUSTOM-THE GLEAMERS

The beautiful shapes and colours, the superb workmanship, the personal pow . . . all gleaming here in these jewels of clothes for evening, made to order by three of America's great custom designers. Shimmering shift, opposite, of pale beads—an angelic little shape in white chiffon with bands and flowery scatterings of pink. The arms, covered by beaded cobwebs of sleeves—narrow, transparent. Green-gold brocade, jet, this page. For a gleaming moment, a look of special presence with Spanish overtones—a rounded cape and long dirndl skirt of muted gold brocade, a curved scoop of jet-beaded black velvet. Both dresses, designed by Leslie Morris, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman.
Both coiffures, by Robert Champion of Coiffures Americana, at Bergdorf Goodman.

LESLIE MORRIS

HELMUT NEWTON





GLEAMING EVENINGS– THE AMERICAN CUSTOM

A winking wand of beads, opposite, on white silk marquisette, ankle-length, with a deep-scooped top, high waist, gold beads at the hem. To wrap it in: a long, double-breasted coat of yellow silk (not shown). Looped in the hair, a Joseph Warner necklace. Shoes by Gustinettes.

Cerise brocade, this page, patterned in shimmery flower-sprays on black silk, romantically shaped—for a dinner party, a portrait sitting, all the dream-spinning times of the season. Earrings by Cis. Both dresses by Sophie, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. The coiffures, by Cotter of Saks Fifth Avenue.

SOPHIE



GLEAMING EVENINGS-
THE AMERICAN CUSTOM

Crusted with coral, white paillettes, traces of gold, a magnificent jacket, left, that curves to just below the waist, over a long white dirndl skirt of silk shantung. The beads, by hand. The coral, real. The look, for a great entrance. Coiffure by Robert Champion of Coiffures Americana, at Bergdorf Goodman. Crusader helmet, opposite, beads of yellow and gold hand-embroidered on yellow chiffon. Gala and devastating for an appearance at the most festive opening or party. The beaded dress and helmet, both by Stella, made to order for I. Magnin. K. J. L. earrings and Apex Art necklace, both at I. Magnin. Beading, on both pages, by Albert Lesage of Paris.

STELLA

HELMUT NEWTON



LA BÂTARDE

BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

To read any work by the narcissistic French writer, Violette Leduc, is an extraordinary experience in deep-sea diving into the emotional depths of a woman of fifty-eight remembering her childhood and her twenties. Such a book is La Bâtarde *which Farrar, Straus and Giroux will publish on October 29, and from which Vogue only has been allowed to take an excerpt. (The translation is by Derek Coltman.) In the preface to this confessional book, the sensation of Paris the past year, Simone de Beauvoir, one of the most famous of contemporary French novelists and autobiographers, wrote: "Before we have read many pages, the author is already crushing us beneath the weight of the ineluctable pressures that formed her. Throughout the years of childhood, her mother inspired her with an irremediable sense of guilt: guilt for having been born. . . . Her grandmother's gentleness saved her from total destruction. It is to this influence that Violette Leduc owes the preservation of a vitality and a fundamental balance of mind that have prevented her, in the worst moments of her story, from going under. But the rôle of the 'angel Fidéline' was only secondary; her grandmother died while Violette was still young. . . . Her mother married; the little girl was shattered by this betrayal. From then on, she was afraid of all human consciousness because it had the power to turn her into a monster; of the presence of all human beings, because they might all dissolve into absence. She huddled down inside herself. Driven by the deceit practised upon her, by her anguish, by her bitterness, she chose narcissism, egocentricity, loneliness." She married a curious man, Gabriel, later fell in love with an even more curious man, the notorious Maurice Sachs. During the German Occupation of France, she transported "suitcases crammed with black market butter and legs of lamb into Paris with her own two hands, amassing a fortune. . . ." Beauvoir noted that "most writers, when they confess to evil thoughts, manage to remove the sting from them by the very frankness of their admissions. She forces us to feel them in all their corrosive bitterness both in herself and in ourselves. . . . No one is monstrous unless we are all so. This audacity is a result of her moral candour." On these pages is Violette Leduc's loving portrait of her grandmother, a cook in the house of a rich family. In another house, Violette's mother, a maid, seduced by the son of the family, gave birth to an illegitimate daughter, who weighed "no more than a little chicken." That birth gave this autobiography its name, The Bastard.*

My grandmother, the angel Fidéline, tired of her daughter's magnanimity, grew threatening: the savings bank deposit books were melting away. We left Arras for Valenciennes. I remember almost nothing. A window—on what floor I wonder?—I used to look out of often. My mother agreed to act. She went back to the great house, now lugubrious, and got twenty thousand francs out of the grumpy old man, which I was to receive when I came of age. An agent was to pay her the interest on it: a hundred and fifty francs a quarter. André was beyond being scolded by then. He was a condemned man. 1913.

I attached myself to Fidéline while my mother, now on the sales staff of a store, wore a uniform from early in the morning till late at night. She complained of the carpets, of how hot they made her feet, of her legs which wouldn't get stronger. I didn't eat, I didn't want to eat. The whole of my early childhood was a long revulsion against meals, all of them dramas. You're not hungry. You ought to be hungry. You must be hungry. If you don't eat you'll be sick like him, if you don't eat you won't be able to go out, if you don't eat you'll die. I'll knock your head off if you don't eat.

I had nothing to say. I suffered and made them suffer my lack of appetite. My mother was haunted by the idea of tuberculosis. The sight of her eyes, hardened by her terror, filled me with panic. She wanted to conquer my ill health by main force. I remember: I am six, I am crying, I am sobbing all alone in a hole; I'm not hungry, I don't want to be. My mother is grinding her teeth, she is roaring. I am in the cage, the wild animal is outside. She is roaring because she doesn't want to lose me. It took me a long time to understand that. How can I lift my fork to my mouth when she looks at me that way? She frightens me, she cows me; I lose myself in her eyes. I am six, I drink in her youth, her stern beauty.

She went out to work; Fidéline's long blue apron was covered with beautiful clouds: balls of silk. I hunted for them in her apron pockets. Every day, year after year, untiringly, Fidéline made me my midday snack. I entertained her with my silly laughter as she stood patiently over the thick pancake watching it turn brown.

I remember our escapades when my mother wasn't there. We used to walk through the market. The bunches of various flowers, dotted among the bunches of thyme and bay, filled me with wonder. Fidéline swapped village gossip with the peasant women; I stroked the cocks, the hens, the pigeons, the rabbits, all very much alive in their covered baskets. I preferred the chervil spread out on paper to the chervil flopping over onto a plump lettuce. The spinach leaves filled me with the same surprise I was to feel later when confronted with Douanier Rousseau's jungles.

The parsley frothed laughingly in my eyes, the offers, the repartee of the women at the stalls with their black straw boaters sang in my ears. Two cocks in separate crates wanted to fight, a hen put down on the sidewalk dropped off to sleep, an apprentice knocked against a basket of eggs, the peasant women called across to one another. You're in the country, Fidéline would say to me. I believed her without really believing her.

The country is not a marketplace. If my mother arrived unexpectedly she took all the colour from the vegetables, from the feathers, from the fruit. The white rabbits became dowdy beside my mother's collars and cuffs. The town brought a chill to the countrywomen, the great lady was emerging from the park gates.

I return to my grandmother's blue apron. My terror when I woke up was intense almost to the point of physical pain and loss of consciousness. I would wake up, I would see the apron folded over the back of the chair, I would shriek: "Why is the butcher's boy living with us? It's because of him grandma's gone away." I howled.

My grandmother came into the room with a broom, she held out her arms. We loved each other in passionate silence. She reassured me. It's my apron, she would say, but it's the same colour as the butcher boy's when he brings the brains, the chops. . . . He'll be here at eleven. You can look at the material of his apron then, you can feel it if you want.

"Pick some, pick some," I used to say to Fidéline as dusk fell, soft all around us with the softness of new bread in the mouth. Fidéline picked the privet flowers from between the railings, she gave them to me, she whispered: we're not supposed to. What would people think?

I crushed two or three of the privet flowers between my hands, they fell on the sidewalk, I sniffed at my hollowed palms. It was no longer the town, it wasn't the country. I smelled my hands again, I looked at the flowers still intact between their leaves, candles of white lace in some places, turning yellow in others. We were going to evening service.

My grandmother spent many long hours of her life in churches, especially in Saint Nicholas near the Protestant chapel. What a capacity children have for boredom, and how boredom draws things out. It was a long morning for me when I went with her to High Mass, a long evening when I sat beside her through Vespers. I loved the rapid, mechanical movement of her lips when she prayed, but not the explanations she gave me of the crib before Christmas. I wondered how the donkey and the cow I had glimpsed in the cattle market could get so small and hard like that. Jesus, about whom I knew nothing at all, seemed to me too naked, too sickly. Too exposed there on the straw.

Alas, Fidéline sitting there beside me flew away. I put my hand on her jacket, on the long skirt falling down to her feet, Fidéline didn't move. Fidéline didn't look at me. Where was she? If I called to her, very gently: "grandma, grandma," she didn't answer me. She was sewing her prayers together quicker and quicker with her lips. She had closed her eyes. I looked for her amid the vaulted arches, the columns, the galleries, when I raised my head. The maze of architecture brought me back to Fidéline. When would she finish telling her rosary? I called again to the absent woman brushing against me. Fidéline opened her eyes, then shut them again immediately without scolding me. I recognized her at last in her blackened fingernails, real, badly cut, and felt consoled.

Once I tried to separate her clasped hands. She fixed me with a gaze so reproachful and so sad that I clasped my own hands and moved my lips in an attempt to copy her.

I had to suffer the discomfort of my boredom patiently. I learned to observe, to follow, to listen, to look. This world of burning candles had its distractions to offer. I made bets: the flame on the left will waver before the one on the right. I checked which was my left arm and which my right before making the bet. I would lose, I would win. Sometimes all the flames performed the same erotic somersault at the same time. A burned-out, flattened candle, petrified in its own tears, took me another rung further down into my boredom; but if a pious lady came and stuck up a new candle, dominating all the others with its proud lancelike flame, then I rose back to the surface.

The opaque play of light and shadow, (Continued on page 265)

FUR– THE BELLE-SAUVAGE ALLURE



Here and on the next eight pages, furs for every hour—mink paled for day... the little black ermine dress...black asymmetrics...marvellous new brown furs. Here, two delicious furs for evening, and extravagant, dazzling heads.
Left: Short chinchilla cape wrapped high...slit to show an arm in black suède pavé with brilliants. Feathering the head, a sunburst of burnt peacock feathers, one huge rhinestone globe glittering in the centre. Cape of Empress chinchilla, made to order by Maximilian. Hat by Halston, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. The gloves by Kislav. Earrings by Joseph Warner. Both at Best & Co.
Right: Giant triangle of white ermine curving over the shoulders...pointed straight to the back of the knees. Coquetry supreme: bogus pearl ropes swinging from the head like a harem curtain of beads. Wrap of white Canadian ermine by Petrovits & Tepper. Necklace by Valjean: Tailored Woman. Schreiner ring.

OF THE NIGHT: SOFT LITTLE SHRUGS... DAZZLING HEADS

HELMUT NEWTON



Dark beauties enchanting the night—the smallest dress, the smallest coat, in black ermine.
Above: Black ermine circled close to the body in narrow bands...the smallest fur dinner dress. By Georges Kaplan, of black-dyed Canadian ermine. Apex Art necklace. Stockings by Belle-Sharmeer. Julianelli sandals; Lord & Taylor. Coiffure: Cotter of Saks Fifth Avenue.
Right: The small coat in black ermine...skins snugged horizontally, tier on tier. Innocent. Devastating. Coat by Petrovits & Tepper, of black-dyed Canadian ermine; at Miller & Rhoads; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros. Satin and jet cap by Mr. John. Voyant bracelets by Charles Elkaim; Sandor Goldberger; Vendôme. Mimi di N earrings. Black point d'esprit stockings by Christian Dior. Delman sandals.

OF THE NIGHT: THE SMALL BLACK ERMINES



HELMUT NEWTON



OF THE NIGHT: THE BELLE-SAUVAGE FUR DRESS

New asymmetrics of evening: black monkey fur, broadtail lamb, baring one shoulder. *Left:* Sling-shouldered short dinner dress—monkey fur glossing over the body, fringing the knees. By Ritter Bros., in black-dyed monkey fur from the Gold Coast of Africa. At Woolf Brothers; Sanger-Harris; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Bracelet spiral by Jack Gilbert. Screen-printed stockings by Schiaparelli. Black sling sandals by Julianelli. All: Lord & Taylor. *Above:* Bias sari—broadtail slanted from the shoulder, slashed at the oblique hem. Dinner dress and stole by Betty Yokova for Neustadter, of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb. At Erlebacher; N. H. Rosenthal; I. Magnin. Earrings by Jack Gilbert. Bracelets by Joseph Warner. Christian Dior stockings. Andrew Geller T-strapped sandals. Coiffures, on both pages, by Ara Gallant of Garrison-Ramon. Polar bear rugs on these four pages, by John Vesey.

HELMUT NEWTON


HELMUT NEWTON

Pale minks, tinged with the faintest top-lights of colour—soft beige, blue-grey, the ravishing new pale pink—and tailored, here, into trim little notch-collared overcoats. The fly-front idea, slick and new, with hip pocket-flaps, the snap of a pale leather belt. Coat of "Azurene," Emba natural blue-grey mink. Designed by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. White satin scarf by Emily Wetherby. The bracelets by Robert Originals. Earrings by Monet. Straight overcoat, upper right, with rows of pale leather buttons, high narrow sleeves. By J. Weinig, of "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale beige mink. At Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Vendôme bracelets. Tailor's coat, lower right, double-breasted, with pale bone buttons, a small straight shape. By Fredrica, of "Rovalia," Emba natural pale rose mink—pale as pearls. At Hudson's; Harold's; I. Magnin. Laguna jewellery. Shoes, this page, by Evins. All stockings by Ariadne. The Breton, by Lilly Dache. Fox couch by Georges Kaplan.



OF PALE MINK— THE BRISK LITTLE OVERCOAT



HELMUT NEWTON

OF THE EARTH: THE BEAUTIFUL BROWN ANIMALS

Supple, silky, animal-grace furs. Newest things on earth when they're in the earth's tonalities—in ravishing shades of brown. Among the colours of the earth that throb with fashion here: these two of Revlon's three new lipsticks called Earthy. The earth colour at left is the brightest, Bricktop. The one at right is the most avant; Camel, it's called, and if satin came in true camel colour, you'd get this effect. (More about Revlon's new earthy thinking is on the cover of this issue—along with the third and pinkiest of the shades: Terra Rosa.)

Above: If the guardsman's coat could be anything it wanted to be, it couldn't be younger or more slick than this: in earth-brown Swakara broadtail lamb with a wonderful swinging walk when it decides to get up out of that chair. Coat by Ben Kahn. Skins from South-West Africa: at Gidding-Jenny; Bullock's-Wilshire; Creed's of Toronto. Green velvet fez with tassel, from Adolfo. Crescendoe-Superb gloves: Lord & Taylor. Emily Wetherby scarf. Laguna earrings. Archer stockings.

Right: Fur suit. Suit with everything it takes to be a winter uniform. No danger of its being everywhere, the suit is protected by its rarity—it's natural-brown Russian broadtail lamb. The fur, soft enough to lend itself to real tailoring. Designed by Donald Brooks for Coopchik-Forrest; at Blum's, Chicago; Bullock's-Wilshire. Taupe satin sculptured beret, Mr. John. Laguna jewellery. Stockings: Ariadne. On both pages: shoes by D'Antonio. The fur backgrounds by Georges Kaplan.







THE VIVID RIPOSTE...
MORE MESSAGE TO THE MESSAGE

Telstar and Early Bird will flash a vital word sky-high and oceans-wide in a matter of seconds. That's us. That's now. Our life, our times. . . . We're the people who talk to computers, and computers talk to us. . . . People, that's the key word here, because, with people-type people, there's still the telling thrill of an intriguing unexpected envelope in the morning mail, in the florist's box of marguerites, with the lagniappe champagne you know is special as much because of the note enclosed as the château etched on the label. . . . Lady Murasaki, skilled in romance and intuition, awaited with some anxiety the outcome of a rival's letter to her amour, Prince Genji, because "it was on fine crimson paper and folded in striking taste." Now, in a less leisured era of letter writing, the first impact of the message—the way it looks on arrival—should be instant and personal. Like everything else, the style of letter paper, the colour, and the markings have changed. Send the word anywhere now—in a matter of hours—on sheets of lacquer red paper, on pale grey with bold bright lettering, on vivid green post cards. For calligraphy with the ease and dazzle wrought by a flowing brush: felt pens that write in clear clean colours—violet, apple green, sapphire, red, black. In Murasaki's time, the sight of a woman's handwriting sometimes moved men to tropic affection before they had even seen her in a passing carriage; we hesitate to suggest that this too can happen in the age of Telstar but handwriting, as all amateur sleuths know, reveals hidden character in every stroke. A blithe script on a generous scale—the clue to an open heart?—flows freest on outsize paper blocked in pads, a hundred sheets to each. These can be had in any weight from airmail to heaviest matte ragpaper, in any colour—one is never enough—and marked with insignia as personal as your signature. Bold lettering is best when it's very bold; small print should be minuscule. Its point is information—the fullest address on letter paper for a country house, on cards for invitations; briefer marking on paper destined for bulletins to close friends. . . . Photographs of the new life-style in letters, left and on the next two pages.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

This was a day she felt like cutting up. Felt strong. Fired with the challenge of it all. And why not let them know it. So she played it this way. Crimson note paper, tea-caddy-paper texture, velvety enough to be ladylike, red enough to be defiant. (Mrs. John L. Strong, Madison Avenue, made it up for her and swore she'd never repeat the process—but she might, if heckled.) 24-k. gold pen, Tiffany encasement for a felt-writing Esterbrook pen, a self-confident instrument that makes a timid calligrapher bold; when its well runs dry, the same gold case slipcovers its replacement. . . . Her third surprise, a mighty one: New perfume by old perfume house, Coty's first new fragrance in years. Entitled Imprévu, it is as unforeseen as its name implies. Many great perfume heads got together on this French-born-and-bred fragrance with the result not only of a complex bouquet, but a scent planned to bloom as gifted with the chemistry of one skin as with another of entirely different disposition. Indeed, there is already a song about Imprévu, recorded by Liza Minelli for Capitol Records. "Turn me loose, Imprévu. Let me laugh and make love, Imprévu," is the way it starts, and its general message we can not fault: Imprévu makes spring an all-year thing. . . . Broadtail lamb dress by Emeric Partos, made to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Hair by Kenneth.

PLAZA 7-4950

330 PARK AVENUE

NEW YORK XXII

CHALET DES ALPES
ST. ANTON AM ARLBERG
AUSTRIA

EXTRA! EXTRA! NEWS PAPERS

Unexpected, outspokenly new, these letter papers are a clear directive to crack old writing habits. Every typeface here is new, every marking fresh and considered (the absence of monograms, deliberate). Each paper is a special shape, designed to fit as square an envelope as the P. O. allows: dimensions should satisfy the eye. Colour counts. The bolt-of-green notepaper, *opposite*, packs its own. Others want to be written on with the parrot-bright inks of felt-tipped pens, and clinched with a gout of brilliant sealing wax. The papers, *above*, are padded for easy transportability—no defoliating in the middle of customs with them. One paper is large enough for felt-penmanship, or typewriting, or an uninhibited hand. (By way of compensation, it is austerely marked.) The pearl-grey paper, red-lettered for a country house, is news for airmail: light but crisp. The cards, *right*, are all stiff enough to use as postcards, but come with envelopes, may be used for invitations, reminders, mail-ordering pheasants C. O. D., communiqués to the laundry, or something a little passionate slipped in with flowers. The wild green card can be ordered from Mrs. John L. Strong in New York. All the others are to order from Tiffany, where a skilled, patient man will hand-letter a sample before committing it to engraving.

MR. AND MRS. BLAIR BENSON · 330 PARK AVENUE

330 PARK AVENUE

330 PARK AVENUE

MR. AND MRS. BLAIR BENSON

PENN

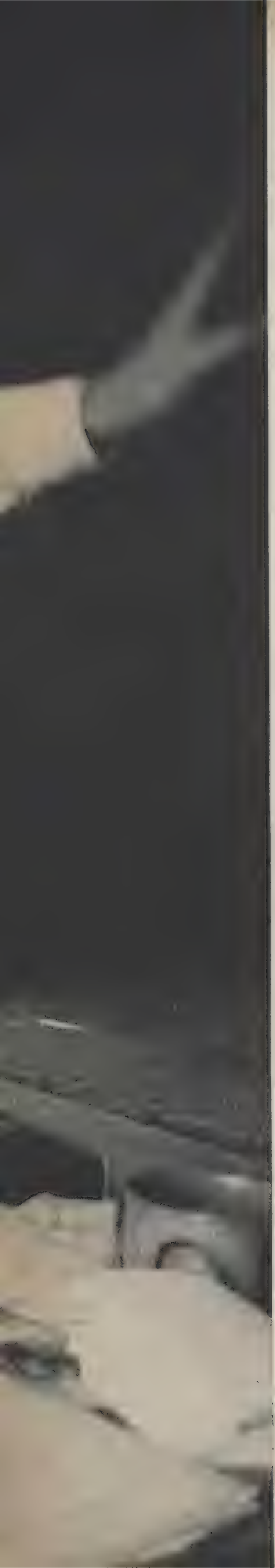
FLASH! STERLING SILVER
SHARPENED WITH STEEL



In a flash the steel blade sparking off the whetstone, *below*, brings up the complex, taken-for-granted evolution of the table knife since Louis XIV had the points of his knives blunted to keep courtiers from, well, knifing each other. To start with, the five sterling-silver patterns, *left*, are old; some, two hundred years old. Being beautiful, they are still top cats in design. Yet, historically speaking, table knives are young. In the seventeenth century people carried their own around like pocketknives. The "pistol" handle possibly originated as a case into which the blade folded, as in a cutthroat razor. Early flatware sets often lacked knives: silver blades won't cut. Too soft. Silver handles with carbon-steel blades looked sorry, an uneasy pairing of utility and looks. Silver plate wore away. In the 1920's stainless steel settled matters. Slightly bluer, it shines as brightly as silver. It cuts like steel. Other than washing and drying it promptly, an attention sterling deserves as well, stainless steel needs little care. Of course, every hundred years or so, the blades might be replaced. From left to right, the sterling-handled knives here are: "Early American," after a Colonial pattern, by Lunt; "LaFayette," marked with the Revolutionary general's American eagle and French fleur-de-lis, by Towle; "Pointed Antique," based, by Reed & Barton, on a Paul Revere spoon; "Rat Tail," made from an English, Queen Anne pattern for Tiffany; and "1810," reproduced from an old coin-silver pattern, by International Silver.

HERBERT MATTER





In the artists' community at Stony Point, New York, where John Cage lives, nothing reveals the presence of a musician. The only melodies in this American composer's sparely furnished two-room cabin are the creaking of a big white hammock, the muffled sound of bare feet on cocoa matting. "We'll have a very simple lunch," he said when I arrived. "We'll pick it. I don't believe in cultivating things but in getting them where they grow naturally." We went off to gather watercress by a brook and Cage offered it to me as if it were a bouquet of flowers. I was about to eat some when he stopped me. A digression from the pastoral: the streams are polluted by chemicals and the salad must first be disinfected in water mixed with halazone.

In the house, John Cage prepared our meal with his own hands. His fingers pressed a lemon more efficiently than an electric squeezer. Friends from nearby joined us. A music teacher. A sculptor. They seemed to come down from the trees, so high on the woody hill do the community's houses stand. We ate lunch sitting on the floor, without cutlery, off big wooden dishes—cress salad with a dressing of mushroom catsup, cream, and lemon juice; organic bread, cheese, homemade jellies, and, to drink, retsina. As we ate, we talked—mostly about mushrooms. I knew John Cage was a famous mycologist, that he had won, in 1958, a television contest in Italy as a mushroom expert. I asked him when it had all started.

"During the Depression, in California," he said, "I had no money. I was living in Carmel and around my shack grew mushrooms. I decided they were edible and lived on them. After a week of this, I was invited for lunch by friends who had a house about a mile away. I found I no longer had the energy to get there. Mushrooms are so arranged chemically that we are incapable of absorbing their proteins. We can only use the minerals, the vitamins, and the water, which is not sufficient. But they taste so good they increase our ability to digest other things; our stomachs are so happy.

"I prepare them often just with butter, salt, and pepper. What you want first of all is the taste of mushroom. Each species has its characteristic. When I pick different varieties, I bake them in separate small dishes in the oven with butter and I watch them closely, as the tender ones get done first. When I have a lot of the same mushroom, I sauté them on top of the stove. You must always add salt later. Cooking is a question of principles: salt brings out the juices, and mushrooms are mostly water. For instance, the inky caps *(Coprinus micaceus)* have a great deal of liquid, black as ink. They are better fried on a high flame, and as you cook them, you tip the pan to get rid of the liquid. "The French have many fine ways of cooking mushrooms: *cèpes à la Bordelaise, morelles à la crème,* artichokes filled with sautéed mushrooms and served cold as hors d'oeuvre. . . . Sometimes I experiment with new ways of serving mushrooms.

"I may have discovered this one: I broil under the grill, until they are quite crisp, caps of 'masked tricholoma' *(Tricholoma personatum),* these are also called blewits. Then I fill them with their stems chopped and sautéed with another species, the 'fairy rings' *(Marasmius oreades).* Delicious. Unfortunately these can't be found on the market: you have to hunt them.

"I have hunted mushrooms in many countries—Italy, Finland, and behind the Iron (Continued next page)

JOHN CAGE

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of John Cage is as music's advance man; this pioneer American composer for twenty-five years has been stretching the sound barrier, insisting "everything we do is music if we listen to it." Early Cage music, often introspective, almost lyrical, sometimes was written for the "prepared piano," Cage's famous invention in which one baby grand is transformed into a percussive orchestra by inserting objects between the strings. Later Cage works, anti-lyrical, anti-personal, can be for twelve radios or magnetic tape or, simply, silence. More experimental each year, Cage composes by chance operations, throwing dice, plotting graphs. "A work of art must never be a caress," he said, "If it no longer irritates, it no longer is art." To some, John Cage is only an irritant—members of the New York Philharmonic have hissed him. To others, he is a force, a prophet, perhaps now the most influential composer in the world. College students all over the country crowd his lectures and cheer performances by Merce Cunningham, dance's advance man, for which Cage has composed the music. (The most recent Cage-Cunningham collaboration: Variations V, *performed in New York this summer.) A soft-speaking, canny Californian who lives now on a New York hillside, Cage,* left, *seems a man continually surprised by joy. He studies Oriental philosophy, watches old movies on television, and, as a founder of the New York Mycological Society, pursues his second fame: the study and cooking of mushrooms. Once asked his purpose in writing music, Cage said: "I do not deal in purposes. I deal with sounds. . . . I make them just as well by sitting quite still looking for mushrooms."*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

Curtain, in Poland, where the best are, and in Czechoslovakia, where I am a member of the Czechoslovakian mushroom society."

I asked him if there was any food he disliked. "I find it difficult to eat a fish that is fishy," said John Cage. "I love Japanese raw fish, but there you have the flavour of the hot radish served with it. The worst meal ever offered to me was in New Delhi: bad English hotel food, grey meat, watery vegetables. . . . I plainly refused to eat it. There are mushroom dishes in India, but few; the Indians associate mushrooms with filth. Also, one of the stories about the Buddha is that he died from a mushroom. This was unlucky because, out of three thousand mushrooms, only three or four are deadly. About twenty or thirty can make you violently sick.

"That is why you have to study and read so many books. I have about three hundred such books. But authors disagree, and you have to decide what you are willing to try. Charles McIlvaine, who wrote, in 1900, the mushroom bible, *One Thousand American Fungi*, did more for the eating of wild mushrooms than anyone else, but he must have had a very strong stomach.

"In France, there is an antidote against the 'destroying angel,' that white mushroom with a ring around its stem and a cup at the base *(Amanita verna)*; the only trouble is that you have to take it before you even know you are sick. Later it has no effect. There was a well-known series of French murders by mushrooms. The man who collected them was deaf and dumb; he was instructed to gather only those with rings and cups. But not all such mushrooms are poisonous. When the man who wanted the murder done went to get the insurance, there had been no death. . . .

"Now, would you like more salad?" And as John Cage looked at me and laughed, his face crinkled and laughed with him.

Here, four recipes from John Cage.

Mushroom Dogsup

John Cage once read in a book that "catsup" is a thin liquid. So, as he likes it thick, he calls his recipe "dogsup." This can be done with any kind of edible mushroom and must be kept at least a year before being used.

Mushrooms
Salt
Ginger root
Mace
Bay leaf
Cayenne
Black pepper
Allspice
Brandy

Break the mushroom caps in small bits; slice the stem. Place in an earthenware jar with 1 tablespoon of salt for each pound of mushrooms. Let stand in a cool place for 3 days, stirring and mashing several times a day. On the third day, put over a low fire, in an enamel or Pyrex pan, until the juices flow freely. This takes about ½ hour. At that moment, a "catsup" is strained through a sieve; the "dogsup" is just mashed. Simmer for 20 more minutes. Measure the mash, add to each half pint: 1 ounce ginger root, chopped or grated; a blade of mace; a bay leaf, broken up; a pinch of cayenne; 1 ounce each of black pepper and allspice. Boil down to half the quantity. Add, for each half pint, a teaspoon of the best brandy. Bottle, cork, and seal.

Wild Grape Jelly

As given by John Cage:
"You get a bushel basket full of wild grapes from the woods. Then you discard the stems and put the grapes over low heat to extract the juices. Then you put everything in a pillowcase and strain it overnight. As little sugar as possible must be used, to keep the jelly tart. Measure the juice, add half its quantity of sugar, and boil down slowly until a little jelly dropped on a plate keeps the shape of a pearl. Put in jars and let it cool before sealing."
Note: The jelly is very good with meat, and John Cage serves it with turkey on Thanksgiving, instead of cranberry.

Mushroom Salad Dressing

Juice of 1 lime or ½ lemon
2 tablespoons mushroom "dogsup"
Black pepper, freshly ground
Kosher salt
A pinch of cayenne
¾ cup heavy cream

This is served with a salad of peppergrass, watercress, chopped horseradish leaves, catbrier, and bitter cress.

Morels à la John Cage

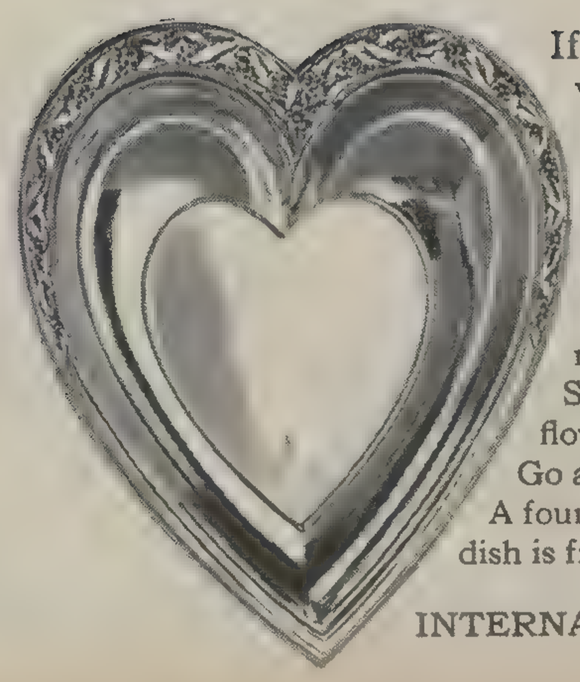
A bottle of flat champagne is the origin of this dish: John Cage suggested serving it either as an entrée with croutons, or with *veau en cocotte* with dill and fresh noodles. He explained: "In the States, morels grow plentifully in the Midwest, but we also find a few around New York. They need sand, apple trees, and seem to like to be around farmhouses. You can never eat enough morels, so the quantity you give each person depends on what you have hunted."

For 1 pound mushrooms:
⅓ cup sweet butter
½ cup champagne
½ cup heavy cream
Salt and pepper

There is much sand in morels and they must be carefully cleaned with soft paper and a fruit knife.

Place the mushrooms and butter in a baking dish, cook in a moderate oven (350-375°F) for 20 minutes. Add champagne and continue cooking for a quarter of an hour. Season, cover with cream, and put back in the oven until the cream is bubbling.





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The little dinner suit

Gleaming brocade, looped with white mink



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Motherwell

(Continued from page 207)

from the thought. What is difficult in Motherwell's work is not the rationale for its surface attraction, but the interconnection of the individual works.

What he is making, with all its variety, is THE WORK, as Mallarmé intended, however various the poems, to be writing THE BOOK. Among the contemporary Americans he relates, oddly enough, most closely to De Kooning: in their utterly different personalities one finds a strong central impulse which can not confine itself to one style or language, to any one mode of communication, so proud and anxious are their desires. They are probably both flirting with the Absolute, and if they are, she keeps turning a different shoulder to them, or telling them to make a slight adjustment of the drawing of that shoulder they drew the day before last.

I first met Motherwell in East Hampton in, probably, 1952. When we did talk later, it was almost always about poetry: Apollinaire, Baudelaire, Jacob, Reverdy, Rilke (not so much), and Lorca (lots), and we also got to Wallace Stevens and William Carlos Williams. I had been tremendously impressed by the *Documents of Modern Art* series which Motherwell had edited (indeed, it was The Gospels for myself and many other poets). At that time we never discussed painting, so far as I remember.

He paints, makes collages, draws (this year he made six hundred small inks on Japan paper in six weeks!), teaches, lectures, travels, and also serves on certain committees in which he feels the contemporary artist should be involved, or at least acknowledged. Motherwell outside the studio is an engaging, wily conversationalist. He is not gregarious, but he is socially expansive and curious. He is very attentive to what you have to say, and will not hesitate to point out, subtly but definitely, where he finds your thinking going wrong. If he finds your thinking right, or if you have a really fresh idea, he acts as if you had just given him a present he'd been longing for. He is open-minded and sharply critical: he was the first Abstract Expressionist to say Pop Art was "okay," and the first to admit publicly that he didn't like it although he felt it had a youthful joy which would doubtless lead certain individual artists onward. This latter quality is something few if any professional art critics have noted, so eager have they been to tie Pop Art to a social millstone and dump it in the Hudson.

Motherwell is fifty this year, looks younger, and is definitely interested in Onward. Contrary to what some critics have said, particularly in the daily and weekly papers, Pop and Op Art have not at all "killed" other contemporary movements, least of all Abstract Expressionism, as evidenced by the two excellent exhibitions of the New York School given recently at the University of Pennsylvania and the Los Angeles County Museum. As a matter of fact, Pop and Op have tended to stimulate a way of looking, particularly at the Abstract Expressionists and Hard-Edge painters, which reveals new qualities in their works. Ellsworth Kelly, for example, is more interesting rather than less if you have just come from a show of Anuszkiewicz or Poons, and you see more in a Motherwell rather than less if you have just been studying a Rosenquist or a Dine.

Variety is what, of course, Abstract Expressionism has insisted on all along, and its originators have offered it to us consistently: there has been no "school" in the history of art that I know of which has included artists so totally different in style and subject matter as Pollock, De Kooning, Rothko, Newman, Kline, Gottlieb, Motherwell, and others. (A variety, incidentally, which Pop and Op Art adherents have a hard time maintaining among their members.) Motherwell's own development from the early forties has included a great many changes in style and confrontation. There is a characteristic Motherwell touch, placement, and attack, but the uses to which they are put from period to period are enormously different.

Modern beauty is what inter-

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Motherwell

(Continued from page 263)

ests him. Modern beauty excites first and interests afterward. The art of other periods interests first and then gradually becomes exciting by its beauty.

Motherwell's work continually fluctuates between chance and deliberation. New motifs arise from visual and subconscious experiences (the "Summertime in Italy" and the "Beside the Sea" series, for example, were inspired visually; the "Lyric Suite" series and the "Automatisms" subconsciously), yet the "Elegies to the Spanish Republic" continue obsessively through every period since their inception in 1948, as do certain aspects of the collages and his almost hedonistic delight in the textures, qualities, and colours of Paper, which in Motherwell's oeuvre must have a capital P, whether one speaks of collage, watercolour and ink, or lithographic media. A piece of paper can inspire him as much as a Civil War.

The other capital P in his work is Poetry. Without being literary in content, his work continually reflects the importance of poetry in his life and art. One of his great early collages is titled "The Poet," as is one of his most recent lithographs (the latter is the mirror image of the shape of a P).

The "Elegy to the Spanish Republic" motif was discovered while making a drawing for a poem by Harold Rosenberg, and its first major development was titled "At Five in the Afternoon" (1949), the repeated refrain of Garcia Lorca's great elegy for the bullfighter Ignacio Sánchez Mejías, a poem which undoubtedly suggested the title for the whole series. Such other titles as "Mallarmé's Swan" and "Throw of the Dice," "The Voyage" and "The Joy of Living," "Jour la Maison," "Nuit la Rue," and "Automatisms" indicate his homage to Mallarmé, Baudelaire, and the Surrealist poets of France, respectively.

One should also add Wallace Stevens to this roster of enthusiasms, as the American poet probably most similar in sensibility to Motherwell. Stevens's "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" is almost a paradigm of Motherwell's conception of the "series," in which variations on a visual motif invite the artist and the viewer to see things with as much ingenuity and insight available to each without violating the essential identity of the initial image.

In this way, Motherwell brings the variation idea into the area of portraiture, in his case a series of portraits which reveals aspects of a given image rather than a face or a torso, or a ballerina backstage, as in Degas. Motherwell is every bit as enamoured of the rough triangle and the slightly irregular circle as Degas was of the backstage theatre and the racetrack. As Franz Kline once said: "It's a wonderful thing to be in love with the square."

Only a truly intracontinental artist (Washington, California, New York, Massachusetts, Oregon, Mexico, Canada, East Hampton, Cape Cod) could dash into European culture with such zest and alacrity as Motherwell did, while retaining his identity as an American, admiring, inspired, but not at all swamped by it all, as were most American artists in the past.

Short of a national disaster, there could never be a question of Motherwell becoming an expatriate, perhaps because he believes that, after Picasso, Matisse, and Miró, modernity in art lives here.

Motherwell is very conscious of distinctions and, for all the spontaneity in his work, of what must be done for and about art right now in an historical sense. Recently on a Channel 13 television program, Bryan Robertson, director of the Whitechapel Gallery in London, asked him if he "could make some absolutely final and ultimate and all-embracing statement" about his work as a whole. Motherwell replied:

"Being able to talk about only one thing during two minutes or so, I would choose to talk about the ethical character of art which, I think, moves us even more than art's delight in sensuality, or its beauty of formal structure. I am not talking about painting with a moral, like Aesop's Fables, of course: moralisms belong to the lowest forms of painting—genre painting, propaganda, popular religious art, advertising, Madison Avenue.

"What I mean by an artist's ethic is what he insists on having in a picture, and what, equally strongly, he can not allow, through conviction.

"In my case, I allow no nostalgia, no sentimentalism, no propaganda, no 'spelling out,' no autobiography, no violation of the nature of the canvas, no clichés, no illusionism, no description, no pre-determined endings, no seduction, no charm, no relaxation, no mere taste, no obviousness. no coldness. . . .

"On the contrary, I insist on immediacy, passion or tenderness, beingness as such, sheer presence, objectivity, true invention and true resolution, light, the unexpected, direct colours (sky blue, grass green, English vermilion, the earth colours: ochre, sienna, and umber, and black and white), and a certain broad masculinity and emotional weight that is hard to describe.

"These are my moral acceptances and rejections. Other painters have other values.

"But there is nothing mysterious about any artist's values, *if* one's mind and heart are sympathetic, clear, and unprejudiced. a condition less common than one might suppose."

When this interview was first shown, some of the artists who saw it said, "Oh, yeah," and others said, "Wow!" I myself thought the tone of it quite unlike "the Motherwell I know." But a little later something about it reminded me of all those battles fought by Motherwell and his colleagues—the Abstract Expressionists—against provincialism and regionalism in American art, for recognition of a new, clear and passionate expression, the panels and forums, the journals, the letters to museums and newspapers demanding a change in our way of feeling a painting, and an acknowledgement of the new vision.

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Motherwell

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That battle was won and a younger generation—an Andy Warhol or a Larry Poons—has a quick, lively, and responsive audience at hand because of these earlier victories. Motherwell himself could certainly rest secure in his accomplishment. But the modern artist has no recognizable laurels to crown him and no inclination to rest. Like the rest of us, but more as an exemplar than a companion, he has his arrogant insistence on joy and his fateful cognition of the deaths around us. In presenting his exhibition, we are joining Motherwell's passionate affirmation of experience against despair. With each line, mass, and torn edge, he is, like Apelles, erecting for us the noble wall of his aspiration against the darkness without.

La Bâtarde

(Continued from page 239)

the sombre clothes of the women at prayer, the cassock of a priest disappearing into the vestry, the long hand of an abbé straightening the curtain of a confessional, the comings and goings of the congregation, both men and women, the meaningful squeak of a chair, the tenacity of a stained-glass window, of its colours and its warmth, the feet of a saint rivetted into the plaster the coughing, the reverberation of the footsteps, the holy sounds from the altar allowed me to go on existing until the final showing of the Host. The Mass, the gestures of the priests and choirboys, the litany, the singing in Latin. . . . My theatre when I was six.

I covered a crate with a white cloth, I decorated it with lace, I arranged vases on it, and pebbles, my relics; I invented my own Latin, I sang it, I chanted, I prostrated myself, I bowed my head, I opened and closed my grandmother's prayer book, I dirtied it, I got grease on it, I tore it without meaning to. I moved forward and stepped back, I stretched out my arms, I blessed the air in our room with unctuous signs of the cross. I didn't recite the Our Father or the Hail Mary that my grandmother had taught me. I preferred my own gibberish, my own vobiscums, which I drew out for as long as I could. In the distance, behind me, I could hear Fidéline and my mother complaining about life, about the pâté being overcooked, about the puff pastry, about how thoughtless Clarisse was about money. I sang, I recited, I intoned, I chanted louder still. I wanted to be the priest, the church, the chants, the words, the sacred gestures as an actress wants to be tragic and sincere. I took off my vestments (fur stoles or just rags), I went over to the table, I spun my plate, I played at being a drummer with two forks.

Outside, I was always unsteady, I was afraid of everything; outdoors I played alone because I was shy, the sight of the other children playing in groups crushed me. I would run up suddenly and hide in my grandmother's skirt, I would breathe in the musty odour of the cloth, I burrowed into it. I ran off, I picked flowers, always blue, calm, intense, downy, imperious flowers. They are indispensable in the flowerbeds of public parks. In this way I took my mother's eyes back again from the park keeper. My grandmother scolded me and stuck the flowers back in the places I had filched them from. It was the time when licorice was all the rage. The children were all licking the powder from their palms or the backs of their hands, or else they were drinking the liquid out of mugs. I envied them. They all liked licorice. I didn't like licorice. I'll give you a drop of Pernod, my grandmother murmured. One drop. No more. I threw myself into her arms. Though bastards are monsters, they are ocean deeps of tenderness.

Ageless Fidéline, without a woman's face and body, Fidéline my long priest, I shall al-

(Continued on page 267)



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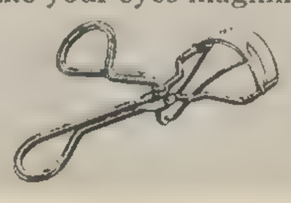
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The Continental quoi . . . the American what

(Continued from page 187)

THE CONTINENTAL WOMAN

This particular sense of self—the very reverse of self-consciousness—is a long legacy from an ancient way of life that the American Woman, who has had to make herself up as she goes along, has not yet inherited. Or perhaps has owned and traded in. She *has* been Dolly Madison and Scarlett O'Hara and one of Mr. Gibson's girls, darting in and out of femininity over the years as though femininity were a whim of Fashion. In the Continental Woman, on the other hand, the pulse of femininity beats a steady forty-eight through any and every upheaval of taste. If there should ever be a conflict between Fashion and Woman, the outcome might seem to be in doubt for a moment but invariably the primary interest wins. And without Fashion really losing either. It is simply that this woman sees herself as part of a circle with the man of her interest—toi et moi. Everything moves inevitably into that. She is absolutely naturally and utterly fascinated by the slightest variation in the colour of a lipstick or the length of an eyelash or the pathology of a diet but only because any one of them may bring a new contribution to what Swinburne called "that light that is always around a beautiful woman." Why shouldn't she adore Fashion since she believes it exists to make her even more seductive? Tomorrow she could find *her* evening coat, very like the one that rustles through this passage of Edith Wharton; "What else did he tell you? Not much except that she was awfully pretty. When I asked him to describe her he said he hadn't actually seen her but he saw the tail of her cloak and somehow knew from that that she was pretty. One *does* you know . . ."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

(Continued from page 187)

communication. He is convinced that the old perfume stereotypes are really growing rusty. Once it was deep, romantic, sexy—over here. Light, subtle, elegant—over there. A variation that came out of two contrasty concepts of what perfume is *meant* to do. Somehow the American has believed perfume to be purely an artifact of sex. On the other hand, the Continental Woman applies the same standards to perfume that she does to everything else she wears—considering it an attractive extension of herself. Imperceptibly the American sense of gaiety has come to the rescue, and the American Woman seems to be relaxing to this Continental idea completely.

While nobody was looking, although they kept on talking, she has also sent a great many other cliches to the cleaners. For years, nobody has seen the Committee Woman, with her hateful hats and army tank tactics. Yet *some* pretty woman has been getting things done, establishing art centres, opera houses, new hospitals, and planting city streets with flowers. Now that millions of women work as a matter of course, the bossy Career Woman who terrified the man she patterned herself after has gone down the drain as thousands cheered. Both the Brainy Boston Bluestocking and the Dumb Blonde have disappeared or maybe merged. Nothing has done as much for the national allure as these vanishing Americans. After all the American Woman is young (a mere three hundred years or so as compared to the Continental's countless thousands) so she has time on her way to the millennium to become the Woman every man wants her to be.

La Bâtarde

(Continued from page 265)

ways be betrothed to you. Every night was a wedding night when I nested in the hollow of your neck. Your hand in the darkness: the beautiful hand of the beautiful young girl who sat embroidering at her window. With my feet in your nightgown you drew your thighs together: you made nests for me. You said: "Say your prayers." My prayers were just listening to the imperceptible sputtering of your lips as they moved in prayer. The tick-tock of the clock grew softer, it deferred to the silence of our love. I listened to your breathing, my ear cherished your unreal breast.

Sometimes I was unfaithful to my grandmother during our walks. I would stop and let her walk on ahead, I would bend down and do up my shoelace, quickly I would pick up a stone or a pebble, then run after her and give her my free hand. When the stone or the pebble was warm I let it fall on something soft: the grass or sand. Then I could breathe with the satisfaction of having had an existence of my own.

They decided I should go to day school. They thought a private school would be better than a public school. I don't remember how I learned to read and write. I remember how sad I felt when I left my grandmother, twice every day, at the foot of the solemn staircase, in front of the two open doors; and how my spirits soared, how happy I felt when I saw her again. Are your feet cold? Were your feet cold in school? You must tell me if your feet get cold, Fidéline insisted every day, at noon and again in the evening, from the day school all the way back to where we lived. Even if they were warm I answered: Yes, they're cold, just to please her. We would get back to the room, she would take off my shoes and rub my feet with her long hands wrinkled with work, then take down the socks hanging to dry over the stove. Is your throat still sore? Does your ear still ache, my mother would ask if I was unwell. She worried and blamed me for it.

I didn't answer, I never said I felt sick. I suffered in silence. I didn't care about earning good marks, I had no communication with the others: my mother's and grandmother's worries cut me off from the schoolmistress and the other students. I didn't understand them but they stayed in my mind all the time. Often I lost myself, I forgot myself. I was six, I was an old woman. A centenarian, already disillusioned without having suffered, without having experienced anything. Go and look at yourself in the mirror, my mother would say during lunch. I would do as she said, I would see myself in the glass with my hat on my head. Eating with a hat on or without. . . . I saw no difference. I took it off in a vague dream. "Are you always going to live in a dream? That's not what life is," my mother declared.

Half an hour later I put my hat back on to go to school. I remember my slate pencil, its slow screech across the slate in its whitewood frame. The pencil taught me to write as it painfully traced out its grey letters. I liked the plain black slates better than the ones with red squares. Learning to read means my index finger bent against the letter, the word, the sentence; learning to write means the ungiving stone pencil, adamant between the pincers of its holder.

* * *

Now we have moved into the neighbourhood called Les Glacis, outside of town, a long way from the streetcars and the markets. We are living in one of ten houses all stuck together. We have furniture, dishes, a garden of our own, sheds, and rabbits; we look out on the plain of Mons, the soldiers on horseback who come there to train, the bugle blown by an infantryman in the evening; we have everything. Why must I go to school, why? A gentleman wearing a pince-nez has lunch with us every Sunday, my mother is humming and embroidering an immense window blind; Fidéline often takes me out onto the plain where I learn to roll a hoop. We're alone there, the trampled grass is sad. Often I stop, I look at our house, our door, our windows, I wonder if I shall see the infantryman who blows the bugle when the layers of darkness come down one after another. I never see him.

Fidéline follows the tracks made by the horses' hoofs while I run with my hoop. It's been raining, I stumble in a hole made by a horse's hoof. Fidéline picks me up, she shouts for help. My arm is hanging down, my arm is broken. Three months in plaster. My elbow, after the daily attempts at learning to use it again —so painful that the neighbours run away when I scream—will never go back in its proper place again. That's my first memory, of a pain in my flesh.

When I'm better we go looking for plantains across the plain. I drink too much water at the drinking fountain in the recreation ground, I come home, I have measles. I'm ashamed when I'm sick, I feel I'm being naughty to annoy them. My mother says: "It's never going to end. What have we done to deserve it?" I have two consolations after all the wrapping up and the hot compresses: tiddlywinks and knitting. My mother scorns games. She takes care of her child from the brushing of her hair to seeing she has her tonic: that's all she cares about. But Fidéline is my sister when we play at tiddlywinks. On Sunday my mother sends us to the movies.

We like the less expensive movie house in the working-class neighbourhood best, but Fidéline buys two tickets for the balcony. I press myself against her or else stand up; the little girls and boys in the downstairs seats terrify and attract me; it is an orgy of clattering seats banging up and down, and impatient shouts; it is a smoking den. The scent of oranges is heavy on the air. A pianist, frenzied, romantic, pathetic, wild, martial, languorous, swooning according to the sequence, begins to play; the lights go down, I try to see the faces of the musicians, their

(Continued on page 268)



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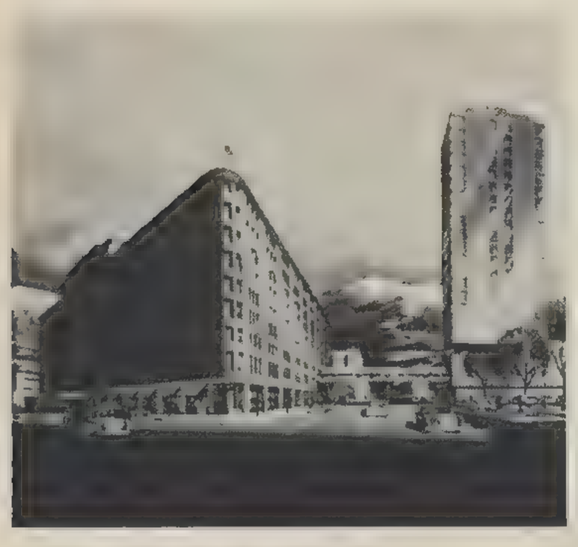


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La Bâtarde

(Continued from page 267)

hands beneath the lighted screen.

"Synopsis of the preceding episodes." I read it all out in a whisper to my grandmother because she can't read quickly and her glasses aren't very good. I read out all the misfortunes of the *Two Orphans*, all the exploits of the forbidding *Judex*. Charlie Chaplin upsets me. I find those startled eyes under the bowler hat so attractive, and their unwitherable freshness as the cream pies squash against his face. The more the audience laughs the more I frown. At these moments my grandmother's face remains quite impassive. We discuss the sad fate of the *Two Orphans* as we leave the building. We encounter the hordes of children. They are fighting, they are tearing down next week's posters in their enthusiasm, they terrify me and attract me again. They are free, they are wild.

Fidéline takes my hand, we fly away over the carpet of dead leaves along the boulevard, we turn off along by the side of the school where I shall be going next day. The Sunday silence of the boulevard impresses me because we've just come from the movies. Someone is playing the piano, I remain rooted to the spot. It sounds different from the music in the movie house. I can tell who is playing because of where the window is: it's our headmistress, Mlle. Rozier, practising in her apartment. I let go of Fidéline, I press my ear against the wall, I listen. I listen so intently it almost makes me weep. I confuse the majesty, the sweetness, the dignity of our headmistress with the tones of the piano, with her piano playing. I go back to my grandmother, I ask: "Do you like it?"

"I don't know," answers Fidéline. "Is it music? I don't know." She smiles, she doesn't want to discourage me. "You can go on listening," she says. I throw myself into the folds of her skirt which is like a cassock, I enfold her thin thighs in my arms, I extricate myself, I run away again, I give myself up to the sounds from the invisible instrument.

Two Greek Islands

The Islands of Chios and Mytilene, "almost voluptuous"

By Eleanor Perényi

At the little ouzo bar in Athens called Apotsos, upper Bohemia—both Greek and foreign—meets every noon to drink Ploumarion ouzo from Mytilene, eat fragments of feta cheese, and hear the news. As might be expected, the halo of celebrity hovers most persistently over the English table. Here, when they are in town, are to be seen Patrick Leigh Fermor, the Xan Fieldings (Mrs. Fielding is the former Marchioness of Bath), Lawrence Durrell, Peter Mayne, the Peter Greens, Lord Kinross, and all the other English luminaries of the Levant. Here the visitor discovers which islands are currently attracting cultivated English attention. It is all a little like Aunt Dot's conversation in *The Towers of Trebizond*—Paddy is on Euboea, Larry is thinking about Thasos, Bill Golding has been visiting Peter Green on Mytilene. These are weather signs. The touristic flood unhappily and inevitably follows.

Just now, some of the weather signs are pointing towards Asia Minor and its big, beautiful offshore islands: Samos, Chios, Mytilene which, although they are divided only by a narrow channel from the blue, precipitous profile of Turkey, are Greek and, unlike Cyprus, not under dispute. Unfortunately, they can't be taken as a group except by yachtsmen,* who will find them close together. Everybody else will be subject to the maddening vagaries of Greek shipping lines, which make Chios and Mytilene part of the same trip and put Samos on another route altogether. "You can't get there from here," is a rule the Aegean traveller might as well remember.

Leaving out Samos then, Chios is overnight from Athens by boat (a period piece called the "Aegeon," once the "Princess Alice," all wooden frills and fresh bouquets in season), with Mytilene four hours further on. Mytilene can also be reached by air—about ninety minutes from Athens—and Chios by caïque (twice a week at this writing) from the tiny, enchanting port of Çeşme in Turkey. Both islands are, by Aegean standards, almost voluptuous. Mytilene has legendary olive groves of enormous age and chestnut forests on the slopes of its own Mt. Olympus. Chios grows oranges, pomegranates, tangerines, and the huge, scented shrubs of the mastic—whose resinous gum, a delicacy among Turkish harem ladies, gave Chios something like a "most-favoured nation" status under Turkish rule for centuries. The islands' little capitals have a beguiling air of Ottoman decay: Negresco-style villas built by the Mytilenian olive kings at the end of the nineteenth century; Turkish mansions like Swiss-baronial fancies with crumbling *hamams* in overgrown gardens.

This fin-de-siècle somnolence denies the islands' history. Mytilene is ancient Lesbos with, aside from its burning and (tradition says) suicidal poetess, a long and bloody history. (Its hotels, however, stick to the poetics and are named, respectively, the Sappho and the Lesvion.) Chios is remembered in Delacroix's great impassioned masterpiece of the massacre of its Greek citizens by the Turks in 1822. Both have been sundered by earthquakes. Both languished under Turkish rule long after the Greek mainland had been freed, until 1912.

This oppressive fact actually gives them much of their style. Thus, here as across the channel, the hubble-bubble, the complicated Turkish water pipe with its long, embroidered coil, is still smoked in quayside cafés; a few countrywomen on Mytilene still wear Turkish pantaloons: and the best architecture on both islands has a strong Turkish imprint: "tower-houses" whose second storeys perch on the main structure like the dishevelled nests of storks, tiny town houses with rickety wooden balconies, set up like so many chicken coops, especially in the ruins of the Byzantine castle on Chios. Even the glorious golden stone villas of the orange growers in the Chian suburb of the Kampos, imaginative adaptations of superb Genoese models, have Turkish detailing. But the Turkish mosques are mostly in ruins now, or padlocked with rusty chains. The Moslem experience is over—like the Byzantine, the Genoese, and all the rest.

What remains is somehow something infinitely older. Like many other Greek islands which foreigners imagine to be inhabited entirely by fishermen and shepherds, Chios and Mytilene have a perfectly real, even sophisticated society.

In summer, the great families assemble from Athens, Alexandria, France, the United States—the Greek Diaspora extends as far away as India, where members of a Chian family have long been millionaire cotton brokers. They converge, these families, and once they have damned the provincialism and the horrors of having one's relations always on one's neck, they can be heard admitting that, after all, there is nothing like this sea, these oranges, this ravishing crumbling house with its trellises, its groves, its cool downstairs rooms, and especially its water, for which all Greeks have an obsession, professing to know its origin as if it were vintage wine.

Yet in the end it is not the rich shipowner's villa that registers. It is the blinding noons, the somnolent dusks, the sound of a flute played in the Lydian mode, the ancient silences.

(Continued on page 272)

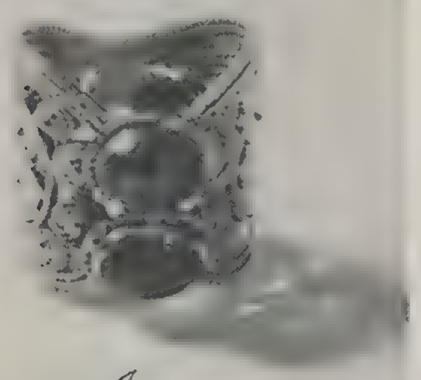
*NOTE TO YACHTSMEN AND OTHER DREAMERS: *The Greeks are publishing a new pilot book for yachts. They also overprint a standard British Admiralty Chart with archaeological sites, roads, yacht stations. Inquire about both at the Greek National Tourist Office. The yachtless will find these and the U.S. or, better, British sailing directions* (Mediterranean Pilot, Volume IV) *full of the practical poetry of the sea. Unfortunately not including Chios and Mytilene, but otherwise complete and fascinating, is Captain H. M. Denham's* The Aegean; a sea guide to its coasts and islands *(John Murray, London).*



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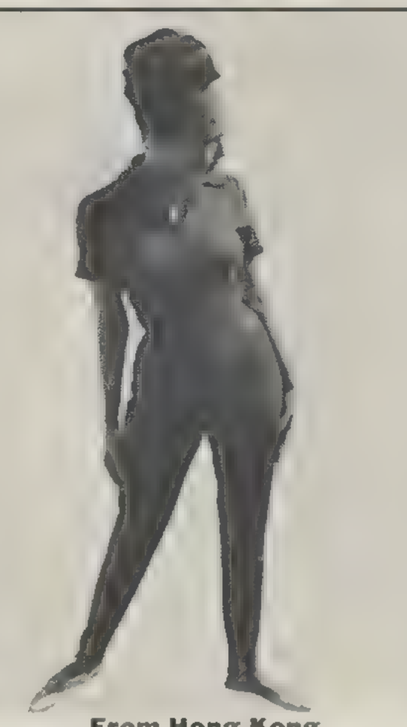
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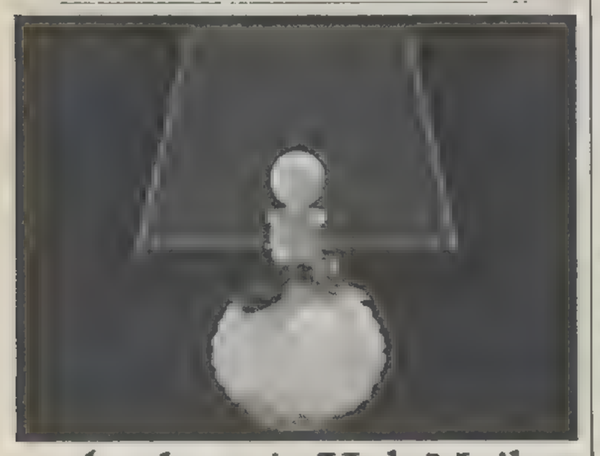
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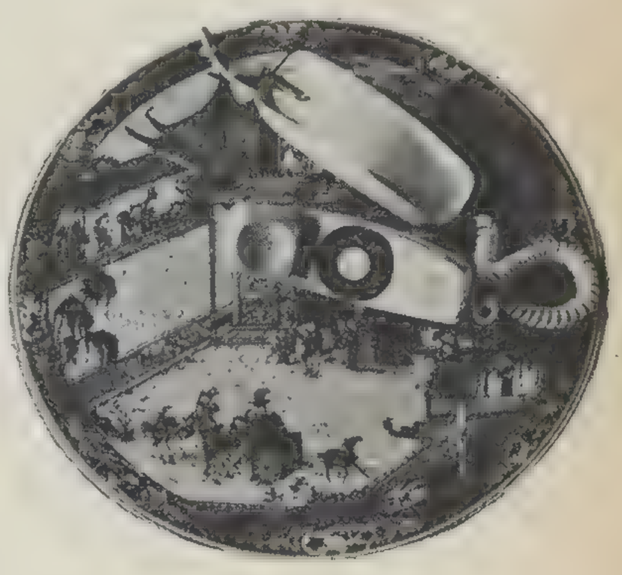
FASHIONS IN LIVING

VOGUE'S

Unexpected Pleasures



For a house with implications of zesty l'ving, infectious charm: these objects . . . and the unexpected juxtaposition of same. *Above:* Unexpected Look For a Snow-Country House . . . decorators Denning & Fourcade suggest a smash of colour . . . on the wall a vivid never-before Plexiglas panel painted by Muralist Davie Lerner . . . below it a natural Spanish woven wicker daybed, blond foil for hot pink and yellow printed sailcloth and an American red fox blanket. Wicker bed, frame only, $225 at Mayhew, 603 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 10022. Fox throw is $720 at Luten, Clarey & Stern, 1059 Third Avenue, N. Y. 10022. Fabric, "Katerina," $13.50 yd., 50″ at Clarence House, 40 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022, both through decorators. See the mural in colour on pages 212-213; more information on opposite page.



Above: Unexpected Table Top . . . The aficionado's doodle pad, Springbok's 500-piece, wood-backed jigsaw puzzle, "A Court Reception," 20″ diam., $15. Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th St., N. Y. 10022. For puzzler's idle moments have a Plexiglas cover. On this, Bell Telephone's new Trimline hand set, now in the Museum of Modern Art's Design Collection; available soon. Fits in the hand like a cake of soap. *Left:* Unexpected "boners" to pull . . . rare door or drawer pulls of ivory or café noir bone. ½″ to 1½″ diam. $1 to $10 each. Paul Assoc., 155 East 55th St., N. Y. 10022.



SHOP HOUND



Left: Unexpected Flowering . . . gigantic anemones painted on Plexiglas make a bathroom window . . . a detail from a Ken Scott scarf magnified, for the mural opposite, on clear Plexiglas to hang on the wall, to make panels for a screen, room divider, or a window. The light filters through luminous colour—see pages 216-217. Artist Davie Lerner, 29 Stuyvesant St., N. Y. 10003, will paint Plexiglas panels from any design . . . a Pucci print, a Rajput miniature. To order . . . from $200. A. P. F. Manufacturing, 1001 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022, will make narrow wood frames finished in wax, lacquers, or gilt to ready these panels for use. From $6.80 a foot. Beside the window, an English Regency faux-bamboo towel stand, $50, Belgravia House, 227 East 57th St., N. Y. 10022. Three-piece towel set by Fieldcrest, "Desert Flowers," scalloped and bound; at Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 10022, who also make the reversible terrycloth and striped seersucker Kabuki kimono in red, black and white shown on the chair. One size fits everyone, $22.50. Chair, of Philippine woven palm fronds, $30, at Be Seated, 43 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. 10017.



Right: Unexpected Blue And White . . . faïence used for a sturdy, delicious, and versatile table, 27″ high, 20″ square top . . . to lend the chalet charm of a porcelain stove. Imported from Italy, $200, at Mayhew, 603 Madison Ave., N. Y. 10022. Another warm note: the natural grey-and-white French hare rug backed in felt. Imported by Luten, Clarey & Stern, $385, at The Jansen Shop, 42 East 57th Street, N.Y. 10022.

Below: Instead of Flowers . . . when there's no edelweiss blooming in the snow, try a seahorse decked out in yellow butterflies. This one stands in white coral on a base of yellow and black Caribbean snail shells, is one of Fred Bradley's fantasies now on sale and exhibition at Woolworks, 978 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022. This seahorse with garnet eyes is $250 including glass case. It will move out to stand in as a centrepiece.



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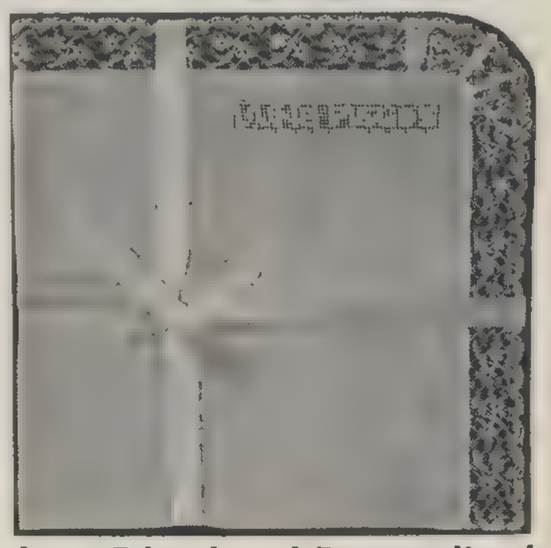
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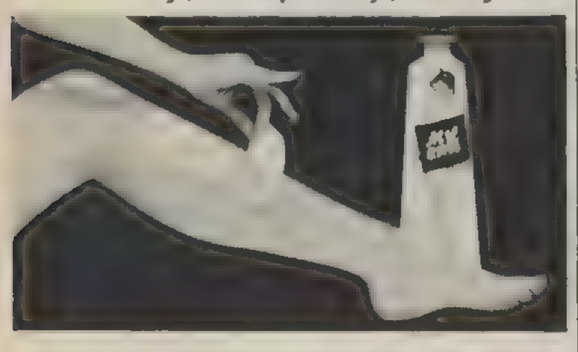
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Two Greek Islands

(Continued from page 269)

Everywhere in the Mytilenian olive groves stand little chapels, stucco structures with wooden-pillared porticoes, whose essentially pagan shape can not be missed. Most of them are near springs or huge, sacred trees hung with what seems a strange variety of moss, actually rags torn from afflicted parts of the body, a sleeve, a trouser leg, torn and flung up on a branch in what must be one of the oldest forms of sympathetic magic.

Neither island is developed in any contemporary sense—no casinos, marinas, boutiques, or bars. The roads are moderate to frightful. Hotels, with one possible exception on Chios (a dreary modern building just outside of town facing a not very good beach) and one on Mytilene (at Molyvos on the north shore—reports last summer gave it a charming staff, amateurish arrangements), are basic island Greek. This means clean, unheated (not important in summer, rugged at other seasons), with as many as four lovely brass beds to a room.

Food is not served, which does not much matter since hotels and restaurants and cafés huddle together, for the most part, on the quaysides, and finding a meal is no more complicated than strolling into an eating place, inspecting the battery of copper pots in the kitchen as is the custom, and deciding which looks best. Squid, whatever fish was caught that day, all local salads and fruits—these are the best things to look for—as well as cheese, olives, little meatballs, and stuffed vine leaves, all classics.

There is nothing comfortable about Greek island travel. This must be faced at once. The island boats arrive and depart at appalling hours of the night and morning, which somehow has a revivifying effect on the system. The whole town is up to see a boat come or go, and soon the visitors are up too, whether they are travelling or not. The "Aegeon" takes cars. Otherwise, there are hired cars and the usual ramshackle buses.

A summer could be spent poking about these islands, whose variable landscapes and architecture make them almost like miniature continents. (Chios is actually about 32 miles long; Mytilene about 38, deeply indented by two shallow gulfs in which small-draft boats can anchor.) With only a few days to dispose of, concentrate on the following:

On Chios: a walk through the high-walled lanes of the Kampos, where the golden villas with their creaking waterwheels sit in the midst of orange groves so lovely that a travelling French ambassador in the seventeenth century thought them like the mythical gardens of Amadis de Gaule.* Hire a car for a drive to the mastic villages (Mastichocheria), especially Pyrgi, whose tall, mortared houses in pale colours are scratched in a curious local geometry-work called *xisto*.

On Mytilene: a drive around the Gulf of Yera. On its eastern shore, look for a now deserted *hamam*, once a fashionable little spa, with hot spring water still bubbling into two shadowy marble pools on the ground floor. One can loll there, then step out and take a dip in the cool, astringent water of the Gulf.

A drive to Molyvos, a baby Gibraltar on the north coast, with a castle, shelving streets, and fine Turkish houses. The word is out about Molyvos; there are a summer art school, a hotel, and a number of English intellectuals living there. Even its nearby beaches are good, a rarity in the Aegean.

Very soon, no doubt, it will be officially "discovered." Meanwhile, there are no telephones, the road there is bad, and Molyvos, like a European dream of the mediaeval Levant, hasn't yet awakened.

**Take along, if you can find it, Arnold C. Smith's* The Architecture of Chios *(Transatlantic), a detailed study of this decidedly rare subject, edited by Philip Argenti, a scholar whose family has owned a Chian estate for centuries.*

Adventures in book keeping

Ideas—some surprising—on the care and collecting of the personal library.

By Louis Kronenberger

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The books written and edited by the author of this article, Louis Kronenberger, would make somewhat of a library in themselves. An American critic, novelist, editor, professor, and visiting lecturer (English and theatre arts—Columbia, Harvard, Oxford, Princeton, Brandeis, Stanford), he is also Librarian of Brandeis University. In keeping his own book trove in order, he has the practised assistance of Mrs. Kronenberger, a second-generation librarian—both she and her mother ran libraries. It was Mrs. Kronenberger who invented the dashing Kronenberger cataloguing system: close-up photographs of each shelf. "As we have great affection for our books," Mr. Kronenberger said, "this enables us to carry their pictures around, the way some people carry their children's."*

Despite our fears of what television has done to discourage reading, books have not lost a whit of their cultural primacy. To be sure, millions of people have abandoned one kind of twaddle printed on paper for another kind thrown on a screen. But at more advanced levels the pleasure of reading good books, the passion for reading in general, has, if anything, increased. If TV must be accounted the biggest cultural phenomenon of our time, surely quality paperbacks, in their own big way, are the happiest. But even people who never open books except to find out how to bake a cake or beat the stock market, would no more attack books than they would motherhood.

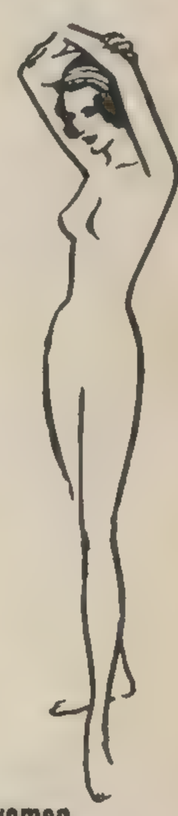
What I think *has* declined, rather than the reading of books, is the more particular pleasure of owning them; of owning lots of them; of living on almost physical terms with them. Even with genuine booklovers the desire for a large, diversified personal library has grown relatively uncommon. There are good reasons for this—or just one encompassing reason: Modern Life. With many people today there exist serious problems of space—what is already a whole family's living-and-dining room can't show much hospitality to Balzac and Dickens. For many other people there is the problem of impermanence—Bill's going up in the world involves his being shunted around, and who wants to keep crating and uncrating books, not to speak of coping with bookshelves? There is also the cost of alluring books in hard covers: those six volumes of Rembrandt drawings are wonderful, but they sell for thirty dollars a volume. And there's a further reason for fewer large personal libraries: books have acquired all kinds of new cultural rivals—hi-fi, LP records, ethnic sculpture, regional pottery, period prints, and, wherever possible, a "name" painting or two.

If all these reasons make good sense, paperbacks can, furthermore, make good substitutes. Certainly they have become the true badge of readership: in the hands of glowing young readers

(Continued on page 274)

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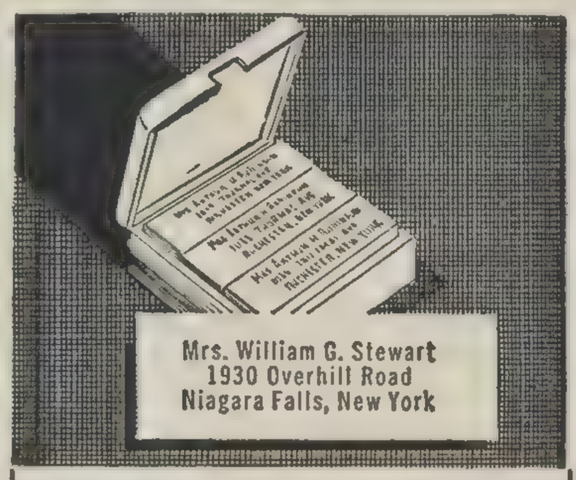


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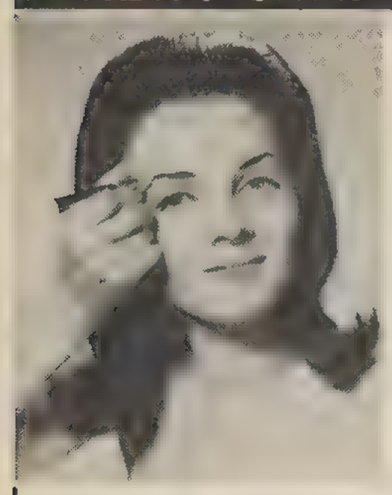


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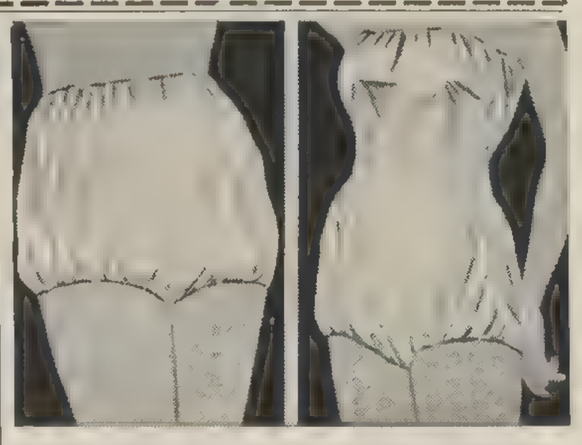
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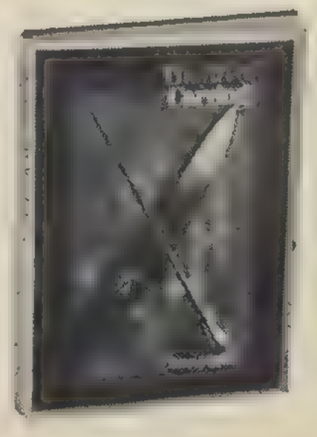
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Adventures in book keeping

(Continued from page 273)

they mean more than the finest tooled-leather sets in the world. But are paperbacks, for the young, so entirely without precedent? My grandfather's generation had the cheap Bohn Library reprints, my father's had Everyman's, my own had all these and the Modern Library, too. This is not for a moment to belittle paperbacks, but rather to distinguish between books as sudden new friends and books as lifelong companions; between books that perform a function and books that become part of the family.

There are varying stages of any such book collecting—the enlightened pleasure-of-ownership stage; the blissfully irrational hobby stage; and that of the ungovernable maniac. The first stage goes with a general ambition of having, close to hand, whatever ministers to one's needs, comforts, enjoyments—food or furniture for all occasions, records for every need, books for all kinds of purposes. It's raining out, and you've just read an enticing reference to a Frescobaldi madrigal—how nice to dig up the record you have of it! It's snowing out, and last night they were talking of Fanny Burney's *Diary*—how nice to take it down from the shelf!

The hobby stage often comes close to this, except that no hobby can be rational and at the same time altogether real. As a hobbyist, you crave a book, you canvass town, county, state, and nation in search of it, for one reason only—because you haven't got it. As a hobbyist, moreover, you will in time almost certainly specialize. Once the collector does specialize—say in material on Pennsylvania farm implements—acquiring a pamphlet written in 1803 on the six-pronged rake can produce emotions not always experienced by men just elected to high office or inheriting a fortune.

As for the mania stage, it must be lumped with alcoholism and drug addiction. A true maniac can't resist a bargain, even though he has six copies of the book already; and, at this stage, having twenty-six copies wouldn't seem in the least out of line. A few years ago a bookseller took me to a large house in Connecticut to see a library he had bought. In every room, books not only covered all four walls, but shelves, reaching right to the ceiling, filled all the intervening floor space. There were a dozen dampened turrets of books in each bathroom, a dozen leaning towers of books on the stairs; there were bookshelves stretched across every window; nowhere could anyone squat, let alone sleep or eat. The owner himself had long since been squeezed out of the house; while the bookseller in turn had had to buy it to get the books.

Well, perhaps the owner wasn't squeezed out, but was carted away. I, certainly, in my time have been "tetched" about buying books, going through periods when I wished there were a Bibliomaniacs Anonymous. Having never had a hobby, I made books into one; but not, I think, in quite the intensest form. There was at least, in view of my profession, the argument that certain books might some morning—or, more crucially, some midnight—prove invaluable. And assuredly they did: I would think that of every hundred books I bought, two—possibly three—were within arm's reach when inspiration soared; or saved me a trip to the library when information dwindled.

Quite seriously, however, books have not only served me well; they have given me a special, and often restorative, pleasure. It could be the pleasure, in some unfamiliar bookshop, of ferreting out a rarity or of finding a bargain; but it was most often the pleasure of just having the books at home to look at, or to leaf through, or to turn to from a sudden whim, or to know that they were there—as more than something you owned; rather, as something you had slowly built, like a house; or had tended and shaped, and

(Continued on page 277)



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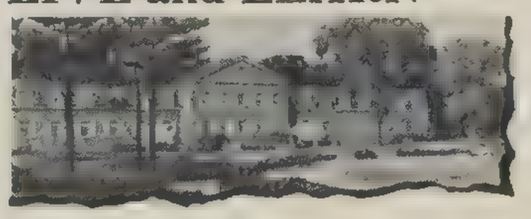
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Adventures in book keeping

(Continued from page 274)

watered and weeded, like a garden.

No matter how elegant the library, it must be lived *with;* must be handled, must be left accumulating dust on open shelves, must be entirely at your service for reading in bed—even when you are eating in bed as well. You take loving care of your books, but would no more shield them from life than you would shield your children. The great Dr. Johnson, who tore books apart, appalls me; but so do those collectors of "mint copies" who prissily hide them away. Books should look extremely presentable, but as human beings do; not look waxed and curled, like tailors' dummies.

Moreover, even a very large library should have its negligible, its downright non-existent, sections; for it should truthfully reflect its owner's personality—quirks, blind spots and all. As such, it should never include (beyond an occasional reference book) what doesn't interest him, or what he finds unreadable, or what he can't possibly understand. A "complete" personal library can not exist; it would become, by very definition, an impersonal one. For me to own, say, Bertrand Russell's *Principles of Mathematics* would be more than sheer swank, it would be pure fraud. The farthest afield I've gone is to have a Turkish-English dictionary—after all, pilaf is an old friend, and I once dreamt, in my youth, of a harem. On the other hand, it is very pleasant to have books on subjects you want to poke about in occasionally—a history of pharmacy, for example, or a history of fireworks, or the story of maps; a book on ancient musical instruments, or on armour, or ships' figureheads, or early automobiles, or ciphers and codes.

The one question always asked of people with lots of books is, "Have you read them all?" There is a way of answering, "Of course not," that suggests that out of nine thousand books you may still have ten or twelve to go; but the not merely honest, the altogether correct answer is, "Not anything like half of them." For beyond all the books you have never got around to reading are all the others that were never meant to be read. They are reference books, source books, "authorities" whose scholarship atones for their style, "histories" whose exhaustiveness accounts for their tedium.

You consult them as you do guidebooks; or you wander through them on your own terms as you do through museums; or you visit them as you visit specialists about your income tax or your arthritis; or you keep them on hand for emergencies as you keep medicines. All the same, just by having a lot of books around, you somehow read more—and on many more subjects—than I think you would otherwise.

And how, by the way, should you arrange them? Alphabetically?—you run at once into size snags. By size?—you invite utter chaos of subject matter. By subject matter seems best; not least, as Edmund Wilson once pointed out to me, because while looking for the book you have in mind, you may very well come across something better.

Again, if you have a lot of books, how do you keep a record of them? Cataloguing is theoretically ideal; but when you do the cataloguing yourself, it can prove painfully laborious; and, if done by others, it can turn decidedly expensive. It was my wife's idea to take pictures of our books; a plan which—with close-ups of about three shelves to each photograph—worked out beautifully. As we have great affection for our books, this enables us to carry their pictures around, the way some people carry their children's.

There juts up a final question: when do you stop buying books—that is, beyond the new ones you may want as they are published, and such others as you honestly need? To this I'm sure no useful answer exists. Doubtless some people swear off—or try to—as they do liquor or cigarettes. At the moment my own thirst seems very much under control, but who can say for how long? I'm afraid that the sight of something I've always wanted and never seen would both excite me and squash my bank account. Meanwhile, most unpredictably, I have become the sanest of converts, a buyer of paperbacks. They fit my pocket, they fit my pocketbook, and if anything still can, they fit my shelves. The craving for possessions in hard covers has, I would hope, subsided.

But how much the books I possess still mean to me, and how beggared I can feel without them, I learned recently when I sublet my house in New York to go teach in California—and with a three-month stretch of hotel life in between. The hard way to learn what living with books can mean is to find yourself living without them. And during the three-month hotel stretch I genuinely lived without them. If I wanted to read *Hamlet,* I had to go out and buy it. If I wanted to know when Marco Polo was born, I had to turn pest and call up a friend. Oh, eventually I went forth after paperbacks, and got a dictionary best suited to Scrabble players, and other books to fill foreseeable needs. But how many needs are foreseeable—and how many reading whims can be scheduled in advance?

What I chiefly did during those three months was to gaze with a kind of sullen nostalgia at the photographs of my subleased volumes. They are still subleased. But where I write from now, in a charming sublet house, I have access to another man's ample library. I have never met the man; but I have a very distinct—and I'm glad to say favourable—idea of what he is like.



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